THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 3, 1927
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The BYSTANDER

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4 out of 5
start too late

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The BYSTANDER

Specially painted for THE BYSTANDER *by CECIL CUTLER*

A ROYAL YACHTSMAN

A portrait of His Majesty, who is again attending the Cowes Regatta. A sailor through and through, the King always derives the keenest pleasure from this most important of yachting fixtures

Winning Horses of the Year and Their Trainers

W. A. Rouch

No. 3.—SIR VICTOR SASSOON'S HOT NIGHT (by Gay Crusader—Tubbercurry). Trainer, MR. J. H. CRAWFORD, Fitzroy House, Newmarket

Under Mr. Crawford's training, Sir Victor Sassoon's bay colt has well earned the confidence of his followers. He won the Lingfield Park Spring Stakes, and the Sledmere Plate at York, in spite of the weight he carried, and ran a good second to Call Boy in the Derby

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

EVEN THE AUGUST SEAS ARE FRESH AND BRACING

Whirligig of the Seasons

AFTER all, there are compensations so far as this whirligig of the seasons is concerned. The Spring months of June and July were a trifle damp in spots, but when has the August air been so fresh or the August grass so green? Even the August seas are fresh and bracing, and if the Promise of Summer holds, we should be looking so fit and brown by Christmastide that there will be no need to go to the Riviera after all.

Wireless Wiseacres

BUT I wish they would let us know if we are to take it as a precedent. It would shake the confidence of our readers if we brought out a Christmas number with all its cheery Winter trappings only to find that the hawthorn was blossoming for a second time, or that the farmers were just getting their harvest in. Won't these wireless wiseacres take a deep breath and do something about it? Is Summer really here, or is it only a false alarm?

Happy as a King

HAVE you noticed what unusually happy snapshots of the King and Queen have been appearing in the papers lately? I think they have always been happy in the knowledge that they command the love and good will of every man-Jack of us; but there was something about their northern tour that had a splendidly tonic effect upon the Royal spirits. Myself, I kept that jolly snapshot of His Majesty in Highland dress and pinned it on the office wall, while the picture of the Royal arrival at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has now joined it. If this sort of thing goes on I shall be running out of drawing pins!

Sweet Lavender

WET as the Summer has been, it seems to have suited the growing of lavender. A year or so back I strongly advised readers to take up this pleasant and paying hobby, and I have been gratified to receive many letters of thanks from those who tried the experiment. After all, if you can make a living in such pleasant and fragrant fashion, it is surely better than tapping a typewriter or knitting endless jumpers. And think of an outdoor occupation that seems to thrive on wet weather. It seems too good to be true.

Passionate Sincerity

THE "silly season" is with us, and in the absence of really thrilling items of news the papers are starting discussions to which their readers will contribute columns of free and unfettered opinions. This is all to the good. It enables members of the regular staff to slip away and enjoy a boating holiday in the fields and lanes surrounding their old home towns. And, further, it brings into the columns of the daily Press a note of passionate sincerity that is only achieved when you are at last allowed to say in print something that you have been bursting to say for years and years and years.

On Being a Lord

THE first of the "silly season" topics was a trifle restricted in its appeal, but it attracted the aristocrats of the noble army of amateur journalists. "Does it pay to be a Lord?" That is my rather happy-go-lucky paraphrase of the great problem artfully insinuated into the columns of my morning paper. Who could possibly answer such a poser as that? Only a lord, naturally. Others might speculate, but speculation is of

'IS SUMMER REALLY HERE?'

'THE SILLY SEASON IS WITH US—'

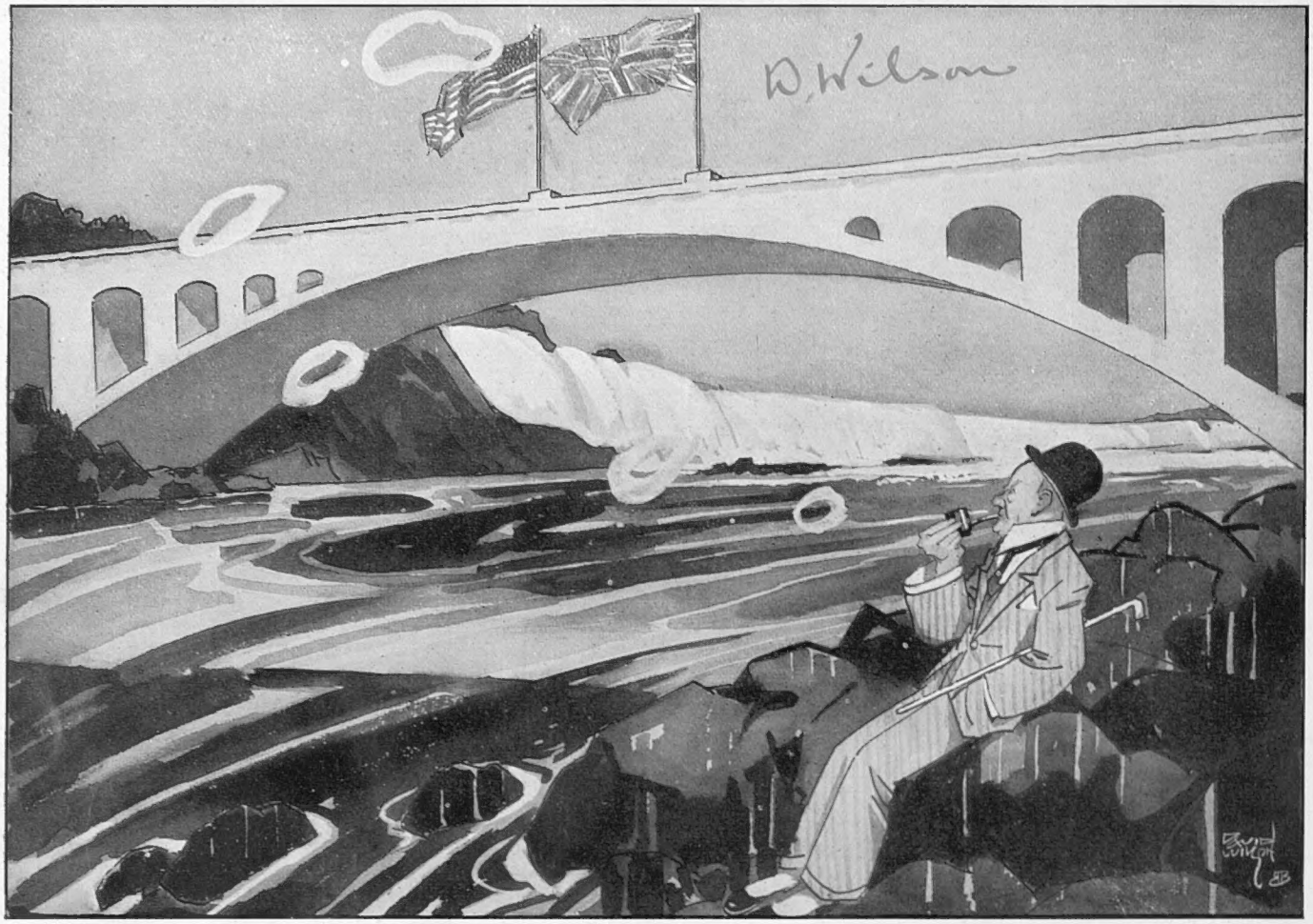
'DOES IT PAY TO BE A LORD?'

'THERE MUST SURELY BE SOME FEMALE PATRIOT OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—'

'THE SWEET YOUNG THING WHO PROTESTED THAT SHE COULDN'T BE OVERDRAWN BECAUSE SHE STILL HAD SEVEN CHEQUE FORMS LEFT IN THE BOOK—'

'BUT WOULD I LIKE TO START IN LIFE AS A LORD?'

Howard Brook '24



By David Wilson

STANLEY BALDWIN SMOKES THE "PIPE OF PEACE" AT LAST!

The Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister will be present at the opening of the new Buffalo Peace Bridge, where they will meet General Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, and Mr. Kellogg, the Secretary of State. The bridge was built to commemorate the hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States

little value in a healthy silly season discussion. You must be sure of your facts and firm in your opinions. You must combine the enthusiasm of the zealot with the dogmatic certainty of the rural dean. You must *know*! You must *feel*! And then you must buy a ream of ruled foolscap and start the wild words whirling.

I Love a Lord

Myself, I longed to lay down the law on the subject of lords. You will gather that I have my own opinion about them. Frankly, I am of those who love a lord. I would like to be made a lord because I know that it is the label of success at which only jealousy or thwarted desire doth sniff and scoff. And the sniffing and the scoffing of the thwarted is surely the sweetest song of praise that was ever sung. But if you ask me would I like to start in life as a lord, then I must admit that I could not face the future weighed down under such a handicap. For no one would take me seriously, and no one would give me credit for anything—except, perhaps, my tailor, who might let me owe him for a suit or so.

Woman's Cheques

The day has passed when the woman with a cheque-book was one of the pegs upon which the professional humorist would hang an occasional joke. You remember the one about the sweet young thing who protested that she couldn't be overdrawn because she still had seven cheque-forms left in the book. And there were others, more or less amusing. I remember, very diffidently, offering a cheque in payment for apartments at Wimereux before the War. The good lady looked at it critically and then her face burst into a thousand smiles: "Ah yes!" she exclaimed. "Capital and Counties! Very good! Very good!"

An Expensive Luxury

To-day, we are told, every other woman carries a cheque-book in her bag, with the result that the number of cheques passing through the various clearing houses has nearly doubled in the last ten years or so. A sign of the emancipation of woman, we must suppose. But what will happen when woman, practical woman, realises the amount that this little luxury is costing her? One of these bright mornings some famous economist will remark idly that women are paying a million pounds a year in cheque stamps, and what will the Chancellor do then, poor thing?

A Jolly Idea

The Socialist members of the Bethnal Green Borough Council struck a very jolly idea when they wanted to call their new housing scheme "Lenin Estate." But why stop at that? Why not carry the notion into the West End and have a Leningrad Circus, a Lenin Square, and a Trotsky Square, with Nelson tucked up in red whiskers and a red tie? There must surely be some female patriot of the Russian Revolution who could take the place of Nurse Cavell, and what has Sir Henry Irving done that *he* should be left in peace?

Honouring Our Dead at Menin Gate

DURING THE SERVICE *I. B.*

The King of the Belgians, with Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Field-Marshal Lord Plumer on his right and left, and other distinguished Belgian and British officers and officials taking part in the memorial service at Ypres. The Menin Gate commemorates the 56,000 British dead who gave their lives in the defence of the Salient

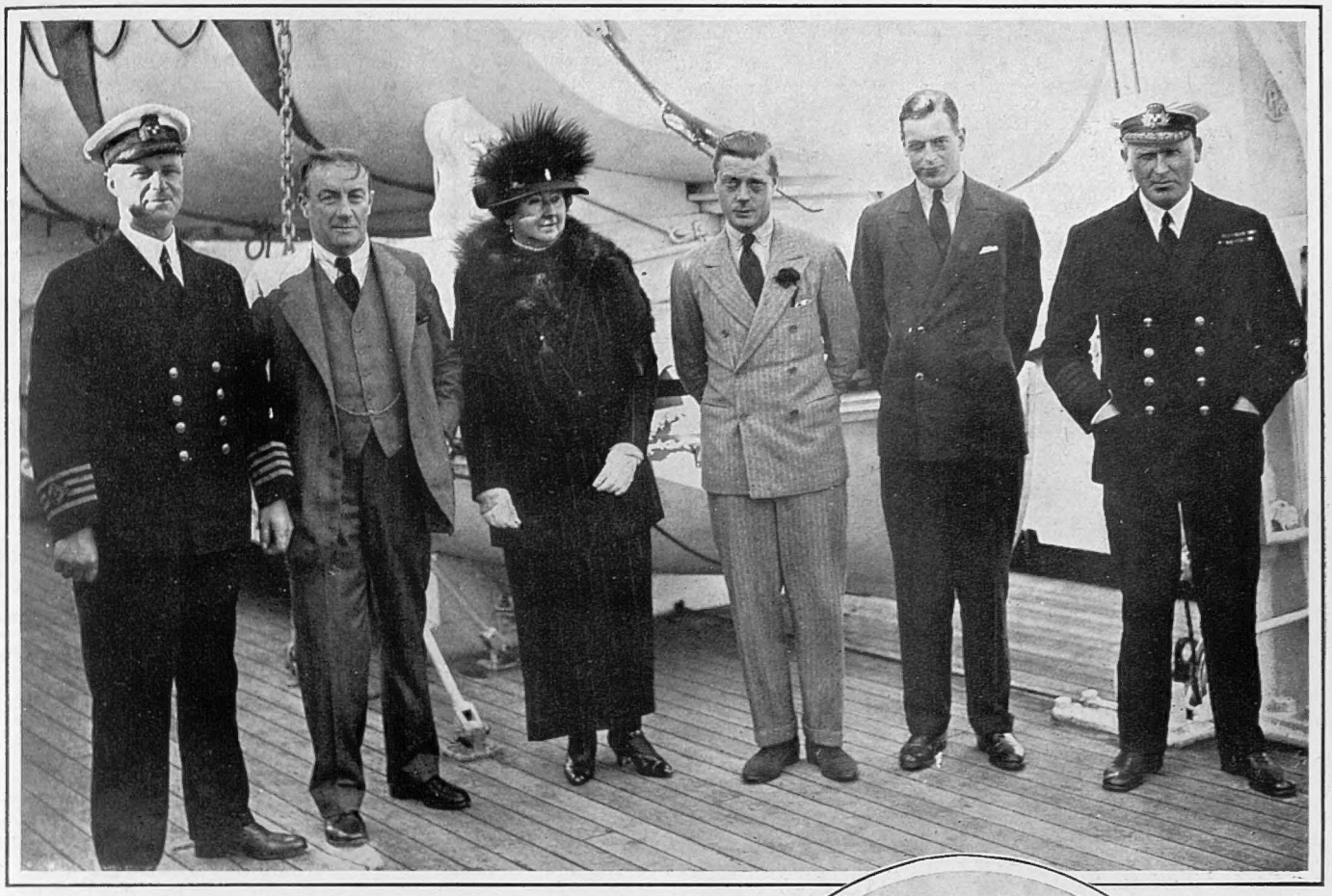
AFTER THE UNVEILING *Sport and General*

The scene after the unveiling of the Memorial. The King of the Belgians is seen at the entrance to the gateway addressing the crowd in English. From all parts of the Empire relatives of the fallen gathered at Ypres, there to render tribute to the memory of those who fell in the grim days of war

Topical

RUS IN URBE: THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

A panoramic view of some of the large number of guests strolling in the grounds of Buckingham Palace at the Garden Party recently given by Their Majesties. The leafy trees and well-kept lawns provide a setting of rural charm rarely met with in the heart of a great city



SETTING SAIL *L.N.A.*

An interesting group taken on the bridge of the C.P.R. liner Empress of Australia, which carried the Royal travellers and the Prime Minister to Canada. It shows Captain Latta (left), Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Baldwin, the Prince of Wales, Prince George and Staff Captain Stuart, V.C.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

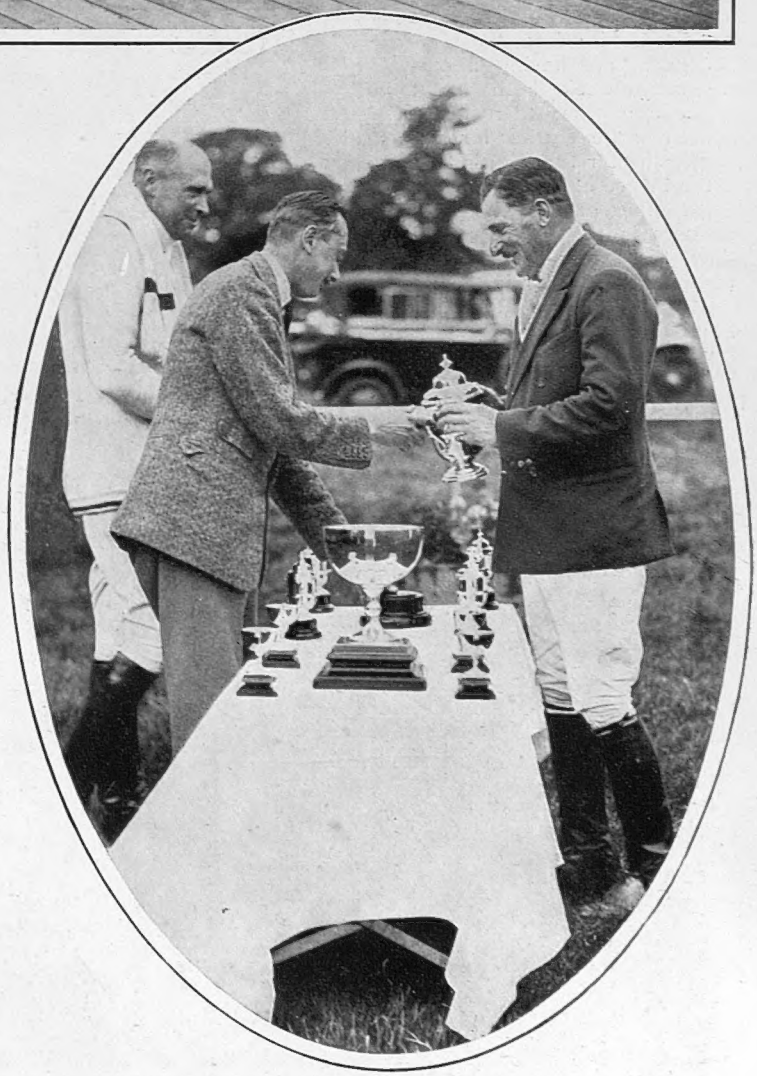
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Goodwood

THE absence of the Queen, and the fact that the party to meet the King at Goodwood House was a bachelor one, naturally deprived the meeting of some of its brilliance. But, on the other hand, Goodwood is never much of a " clothes " meeting. Another difference this year was made by the late Viscount Cowdray's death. The polo at Cowdray Park, at Midhurst, for many years now has been a particular feature of Goodwood Week, games taking place every day after the racing, and quantities of people being entertained to tea. Mourning this year, of course, made those pleasant gatherings impossible.

Cowes

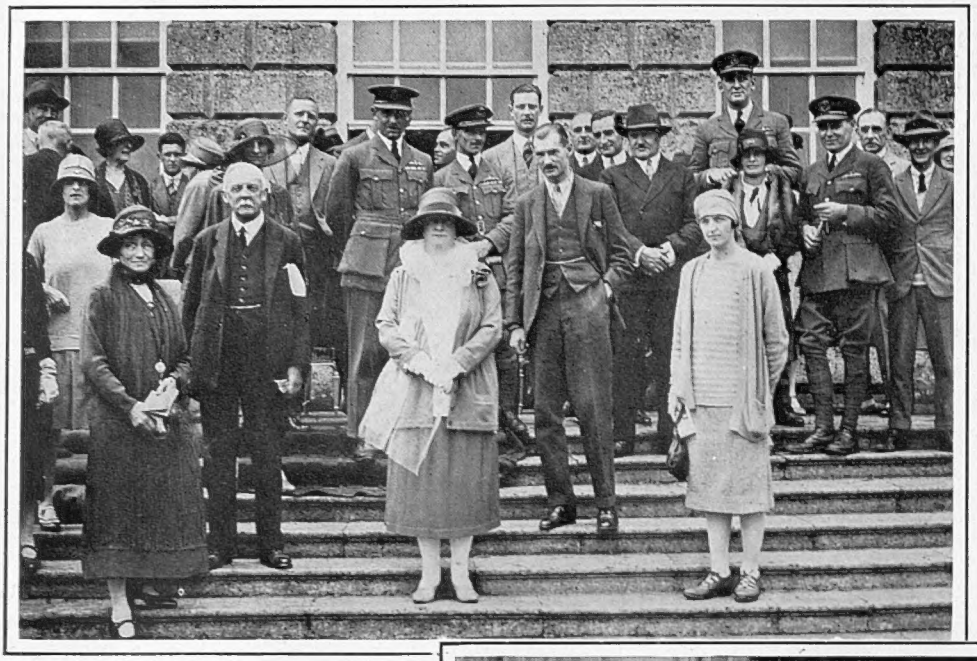
I HEAR that the demand for houses and rooms in hotels for the Cowes Week was the heaviest since the War, and that there are more people there than ever. Lady Glentanar, who is one of the most faithful visitors, has again taken Hamlet Lodge, where she and Lord Glentanar are entertaining a party of young people. This year Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring will not be entertaining at Nubia Lodge, as they have let it to Sir Harold and Lady Bowden. Sir Godfrey is staying at the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Lady Baring's annual ball in aid of local charities at Holy Trinity Hall takes place as usual.



Topical

AT STOKE D'ABERNON

Prince Henry presenting the Handicap Challenge Cup to Captain W. G. Horne, of the 10th Hussars "A" team, at the Stoke D'Abernon meeting. The Hussars team beat the R.A. (Woolwich) in the final by 5½ goals to 2



L.N.A.

AN AERIAL FÊTE AT FAKENHAM

A group at the aerial fête held at Rayham Park, Fakenham, where Lady Townshend entertained a large house party. The photograph includes Lady Townshend (centre), the Hon. Lady Bailey (right), and behind them the Mayor of Norwich

The new Commodore in the place of the late Duke of Leeds, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, and the new Vice-Commodore, the Marquess Camden, are having a particularly busy week both afloat and at the Squadron, there being exceptionally large entries for the races, especially for the King's Cup and for the Prince of Wales's Cup.

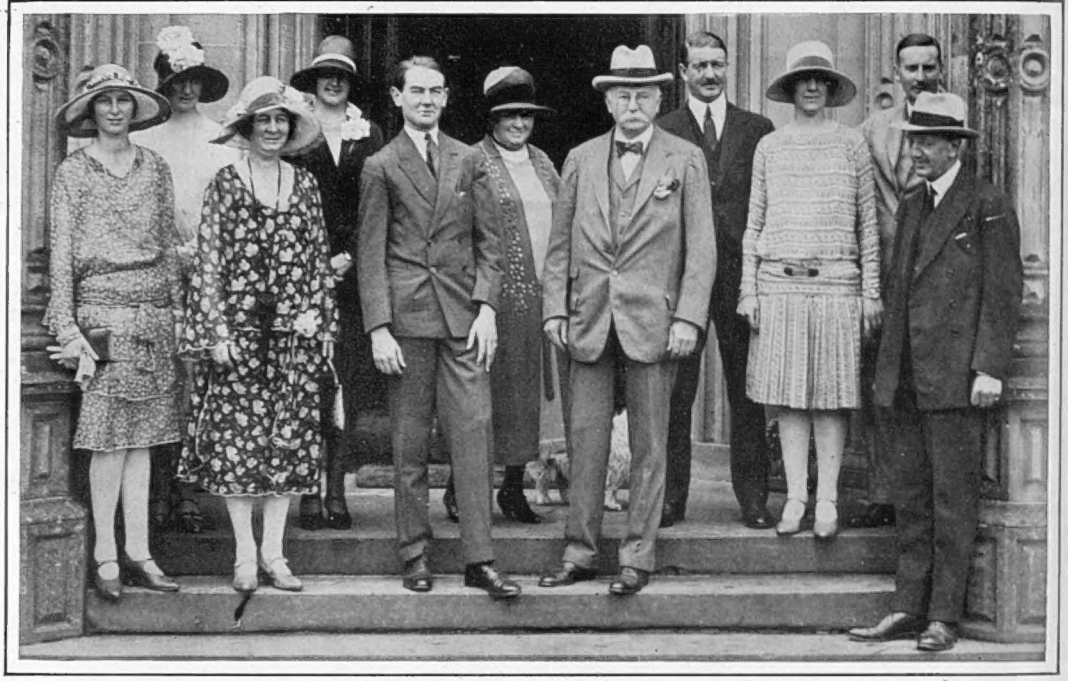
Amongst other people who have taken houses is the Commodore's son-in-law, Sir Harry Mainwaring, who with Lady Mainwaring is at Green Meadows, Lady Piggott's house, and Thornhill, Lord Iveagh's house, will be used by the guests of the Hon. Ernest Guinness on board his yacht, *Fantome II*. Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde, whose husband was the Duke of Leeds's predecessor as Commodore, is at her house, Solent Lodge, where she now lives permanently. It is many years since Lady Ormonde missed a Cowes Week.

The *Ramillies* is once more the guardship, and during the week her officers are giving a ball on board.

More House-breaking

HEREFORD GARDENS, that gloomy row of high houses behind a belt of trees at the Marble Arch corner of Park Lane, is destined, I hear, to the house-breaker's pick. There are many changes in the West End that have filled me with regret, but, personally, I shall see the disappearance of Hereford Gardens without a pang. Looking north, this row of huge houses has always struck me as being the most unattractive dwellings in that part of London.

They were built at a time when huge houses and hideousness were the fashion, and yet there was a period when this row of



Topical

A COMING-OF-AGE

The family group at the recent coming-of-age of the Hon. Evelyn Dewar, second son of Lord and Lady Forteviot, which took place at Dupplin Castle, Perth. The Hon. Irene Dewar (left), the Hon. Mrs. Piercy, Lady Forteviot, the Hon. Mrs. Stainton, the Hon. Evelyn Dewar, Mrs. Wason, Lord Forteviot, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. John Dewar, the Hon. Mrs. John Dewar, Col. Neame and Commander Piercy

what we now consider "white elephants" were in great demand. But in those days the servant problem was not acute, and most people's desire was to be largely housed. The Hereford Gardens houses were what the house agents used to describe as "a noble town mansion, spacious and commodious." They were so spacious that if you were, say, four for dinner, you felt like a solitary palm tree in the Sahara, both in the dining-room and the drawing-room.

I am told that they would have disappeared some time ago if one of the occupiers, who had a long lease, had not refused to sell it. This lease, I hear, has now been disposed of, so we may expect a big block of flats on the site of Hereford Gardens. The houses, as you know, stand back from the street with a row of trees along the wall, which runs by the pavement between the two carriage entrances.

Sport and General

HUNTING FOLK AT CRICKET

The Badminton Cricket Team which played an eleven of Masters of Foxhounds and professional Huntsmen after the Duke of Beaufort's Hound Puppy Show at Badminton. The side comprised the Rev. J. S. Gibbs, H. Perks, F. Brown, E. Hunter, A. Bushell, G. Gibbs, J. Weare, C. Littlewood, P. Bird, J. Toghill and J. Poore

WELL ATTENDED *Lenare*

Miss Joan Wyatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt, of Cissbury, near Worthing, photographed with her picturesque retinue after her marriage to Mr. Peter Chevalier, the second son of Captain Barrington Chevalier, R.N. The wedding was at Findon Parish Church

Lenare

LADY FIONA PRATT

A charming portrait of the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden. She was a bridesmaid at the recent wedding of her cousin to Mr. Edward Hulton

Keystone

AN AIR FORCE WEDDING

Flight - Lieutenant John Wakeling Baker, M.C., D.F.C., R.A.F., leaving St. Mary's Church, Westerham, with his bride, Miss Katherine Bonham-Carter. The latter is the only daughter of Colonel H. Bonham-Carter

It is hardly probable that the carriage drive will be left under any new scheme of building—it represents an extremely valuable building space. If they build on the drive, then the trees must go, which is always a pity in London.

A New Countess

EARL HOWE, who was an intimate friend of King Edward, the last Treasurer of the Household to Queen Victoria, and Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra for twenty-two years, and who has been twice a widower, is entering into matrimony for the third time. His first wife, whom he married forty-four years ago, was a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, the "stateliest and most dignified of all the Viceroys we sent to Ireland," and a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill. She died after twenty-three years of marriage, years in which she had held a conspicuous place at Court and in Society.

Thirteen years after her death Lord Howe married the widow of the second Marquess of Dufferin, a charming American who died two years ago. His third wife is a distant connection, as she is the great-granddaughter of the first Earl Howe. She is the widow of Captain Quintin Dick.

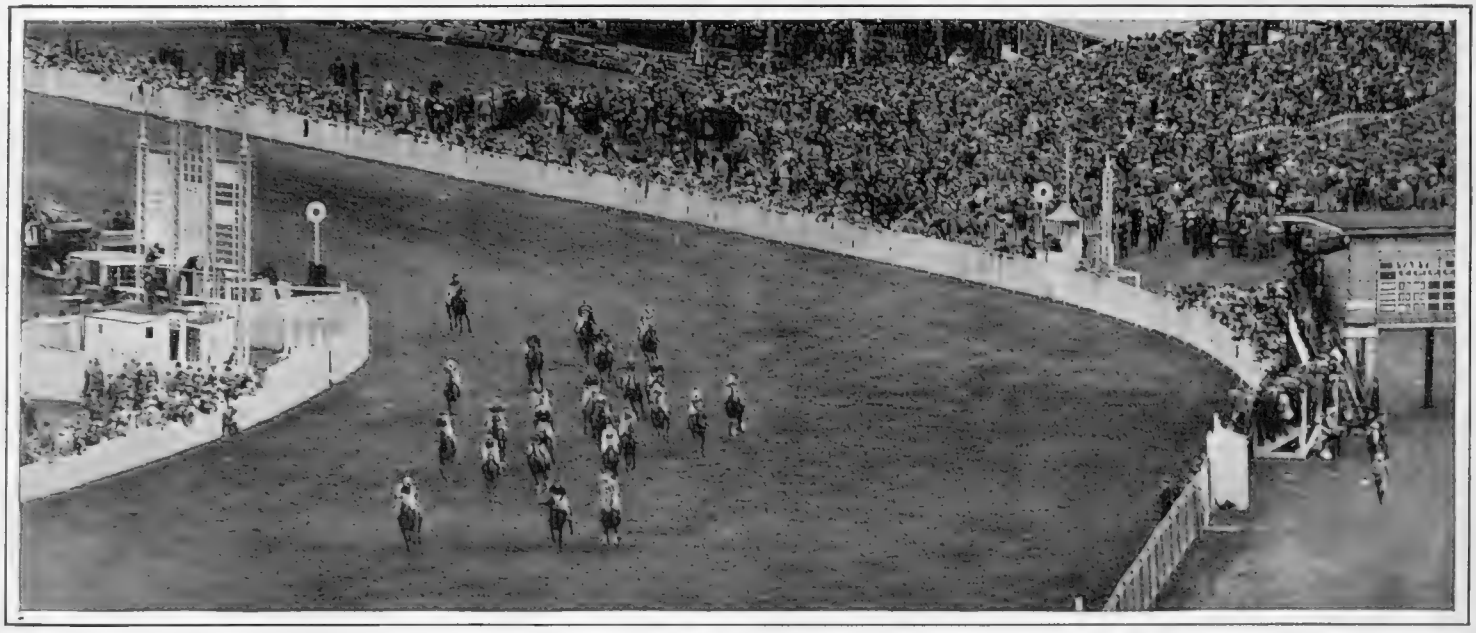
Lord Howe's only son by his first marriage is Viscount Curzon, who has been elected Member of Parliament for South Battersea four times running in face of a most determined "red" opposition. Lord Curzon, too, used to be so rapid a motorist that he has been had up before lots of "beaks," and all sorts of things have been written on his licence. He married his cousin, one of the most beautiful women in England.

You will remember that the Duke and

Madame Yevonde

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Lady Mary Thynne, the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath. Her fiancé, Lord Nunburnholme, who is the third baron, has his seat at Hunmanby Hall, in East Yorkshire



Sport and General

"GLORIOUS GOODWOOD" ITSELF

AT GOODWOOD

Some of those who were present at the Goodwood meeting this year. More than the racing, it is the natural magnificency of the surroundings that makes Goodwood so popular

I.B.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING CHATTING WITH SOME FRIENDS

Duchess of York, when they found that living at White Lodge made many difficulties in the fulfilment of their unceasing duties, rented Lord Howe's house in Curzon Street for a few months.

A Royal Bed

LADY CURZON'S brother added the name of Herrick to that of Curzon when he inherited the Beau Manor estate, near Loughborough, from the late Mrs. Parry-Herrick. He married the eldest of the Earl of Huntingdon's three daughters,

I.B.

LORD AND LADY BLANDFORD (left) AND CAPT. BOYD ROCHEFORD (carrying umbrella)

Alfieri

MRS. COOKSON BARONESS ZOUCHE, MRS. JOHN DENNES, COL. ADAMS, SIR FREDERICK FRANKLAND AND MRS. INNES

Lady Kathleen, who has a decided talent for play-writing.

Beau Manor is an interesting old house, full of treasures. Amongst them is a bed in which —despite Shakespeare—it is said that Richard III slept the night before the Battle of Bosworth. But there is no doubt about the authenticity of some chairs in the house, made from the wood of old London Bridge.

Built by Pills

BIG houses in what were formerly rural surroundings close to London, but which are now suburbs, are even a more difficult problem than big houses in the country. Belmont Hall, about a mile from Putney, although it stands in some twelve acres of ground, is a case in point.

It was built by Mr. Holloway, the famous pill manufacturer, the donor of the big Holloway College for girls at Egham and the Holloway Sanatorium at Virginia Water, and has something like a hundred rooms. After his death it became the property of the Orleans family,

"ALL HANDS ON DECK"

The crew of Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock manning the ropes. Shamrock has been entered for several of the big events at Cowes

CLEANING UP

The crew of Cariad make all ship-shape before the races. Cariad is the property of the Rt. Hon. Colonel J. Gretton, who is a keen yachtsman

said during the War was occupied by the Duchesse de Vendôme, the sister of the King of the Belgians, and her husband. Two seasons ago the Maharajah of Jodhpur was the tenant. You will remember that the Maharanee created much interest, as she went everywhere in purdah, and when she went to watch the polo at Ranelagh the pavilion was entirely screened by curtains. The Begum of Bhopal also stayed there.

Belmont has now been bought for the Wesleyan Training College for women teachers.

Rus in Urbe

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is changing his London abode. For some time past he has lived in Cheyne Walk in a house which formerly belonged to Sir Archibald Sinclair, but now he is moving to Addison Road, near Olympia. The new house is a sort of *rus in urbe*. It has a large garden, in which there is a lawn and a hard tennis court, greenhouses, and even a poultry run, not to speak of a vegetable garden.

Mr. Lloyd George has started a model farm at his place near Churt, and has made a beautiful garden at his Welsh house at Criccieth.

History repeats itself in Mr. Lloyd George's departure from Cheyne Walk to more rural surroundings. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair gave up the house in order to go to Kingston Hill, so that their children might have fresher air and a garden to play in. And now Mr. Lloyd George departs to Addison Road and a big garden.

A Correction

HAVE you noticed that, whenever you pat yourself on the back, you generally go and do the very thing you have preened yourself on not doing? Only a little while ago the conversation in a company, amongst which was your Bystander, turned on the subject of people reading obituary notices in the newspapers. Your Bystander, with that pride which goes before a fall, said he was thankful he had never "killed off" anybody. And lo! the very next week he referred to the "late Mr Charles Bateman Hanbury," in alluding to the late Mr. E. S. Montagu's grave in the garden at Breccles Hall in Norfolk.

Mr. Hanbury writes:—"I am very much alive, thank you very much," and but for the kind way in which he has taken the mistake, your Bystander would be covered with confusion.

Photographs WHITE WINGS *Sport and General*

His Majesty's yacht Britannia, which takes a prominent part in the racing at Cowes. The photograph was taken from the deck of Lord Waring's White Heather.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

A Popular Winner

THE STEWARDS' CUP was to a large extent a Joel affair. Solly provided the favourite, but brother Jack had the better of the argument, for he supplied the winner. With the locals it was a popular result, for nobody in West Sussex forgot that Priory Park had been bred in the district and was trained at one time by Charlie Howard, the popular butcher of Chichester, who manages to snatch time from his business to train one or two horses. With the general public, too, Priory Park's triumph was popular, for the horse had already stamped himself as one of the best handicap performers of the season, and you could not get away from his chance on the book. I could not see any reasonable excuses for the beaten horses in the big handicap. Fohanaun spoilt his chance by taking a long time to warm up to his work. Queen's Bower did much the best of the younger competitors, and she was well backed each way by the followers of Gordon Richards, who is riding in great form just now.

Goodwood Still Glorious

IT was a most successful opening day in every direction at Goodwood, and it struck me that the crowd was even greater than usual. Although Sir Walter Gilbey rejoiced the hearts of the bookmakers when he provided a winner at 20 to 1, it was on the whole a good first day for backers. It was a big surprise when we were able to get even money about Book Law. The supposition was that the Manton filly was not at her best, but she settled the opposition in no half-hearted fashion, and now she is likely to become a strong order for the St. Leger. Of course, it was always a case of laying odds on the Beckhampton representatives in the chief two-year-old events, but Jurisdiction and Gang Warily gave their supporters no cause for uneasiness. The latter is the best young colt in Fred Darling's stable.

Call Boy's Future

WE can now reckon ourselves as half-way through the flat-racing campaign. It has been a season of crowded interest so far, though it has had its saddening features. One was the death of Mr. Frank Curzon, which left his brilliant Call Boy without any engagements just at a time when the colt was at the top of his form. Many discussions have taken place as to whether Call Boy would have beaten Colorado in the Eclipse Stakes had he been eligible to run. It is interesting to have the opinion of Charles Elliott on this point. So great is this jockey's faith in the Derby winner that he declares with emphasis that he would assuredly have won at Sandown. Jockeys are not always right in their estimates of form, but Elliott is a pretty sound judge, and he has no doubt about the superiority of Call Boy over the best four-year-olds. Unhappily, the point at issue will never be definitely settled. Call Boy has created a record, however, by fetching £60,000 on his sale to Sir Harry Mallaby-Deeley.

Best Two-Year-Olds

AS I suggested would be the case, we saw nothing of those smart colts Fairway and Flamingo at Goodwood. In each case the great possibilities of these youngsters are realised, and their owners are sensibly determined not to give them too much to do in their first season in training. All being well they will meet in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, a race well worth waiting for. Each year this event seems to give us a valuable pointer for the classic races of the following season. Fairway has shaped like a stayer, while Flamingo is certainly bred for stamina. The latter's owner, Sir Laurence Philipps, now enjoys a reasonable chance of winning the Derby at the first time of asking. Novices' luck again! Nothing more clearly marks the progress of the season than the appearance of the entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. There will be the usual keenness to find the winners of the autumn double, though it must be confessed that the success of unconsidered animals like Myra Gray has the effect of rather damping our ardour. In due course I hope to make a few suggestions regarding the big Newmarket handicaps. There is no need for any hurry to bet on them.

Sussex Fortnight

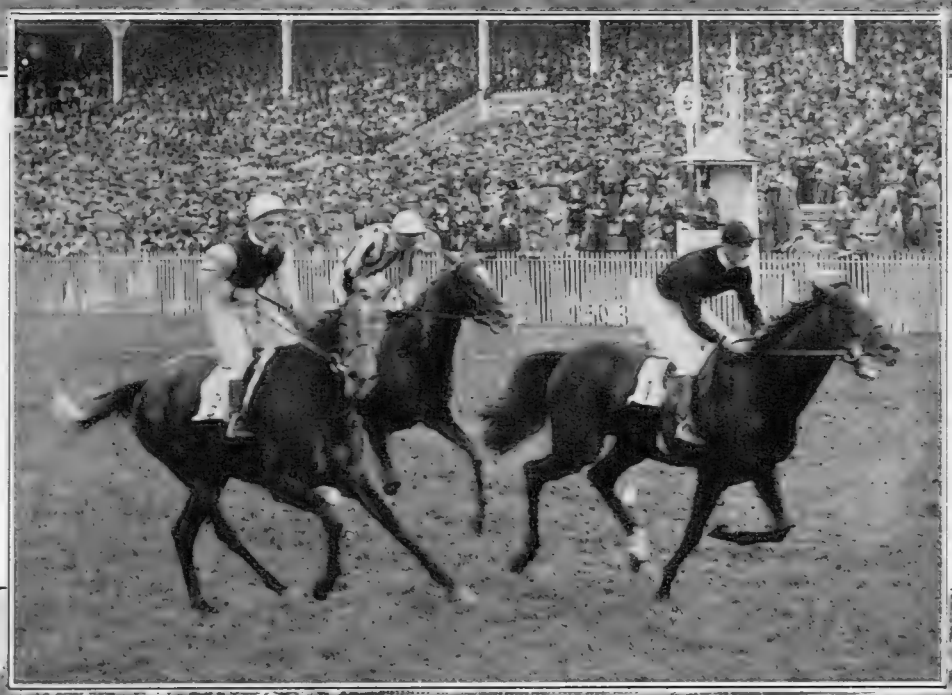
THE Sussex fortnight concludes this week at Brighton and Lewes. We shall see the usual vast musters on White Hawk Hill, to which eminence the holiday makers at Brighton roll up in their tens of thousands for the three days' racing. The sport is not of particularly high quality, but the switchback character of the course makes it peculiarly exciting. You never know what your horse is going to do on these undulations. By way of selections I make **Volta's Pride** my choice for the Brighton Cup, **Dodder** the Sussex Stakes on Wednesday, and **Roman Emperor** the Brighton Handicap on the following day. Lewes at the end of the week will clash with Chepstow, but that is not likely seriously to affect either meeting, seeing that the latter fixture draws its *clientèle* chiefly from South Wales and the West Midlands. This week-end the main attraction there will be the Chepstow Summer Cup, for which **Lone Knight** appears to be favourably handicapped.

The Camera's Treble from Glorious Goodwood

I.B.

THE FAVOURITE WINS

Lord Dewar's Jurisdiction (J. Childs up) winning the Ham (T.Y.O.) Produce Stakes. Starting at 2-1 on, it beat Miscou by a length and a half



G.P.U.

PASSING THE POST

Mr. J. B. Joel's Priory Park (B. Carslake up) winning the Stewards' Cup from Queen's Bower and the favourite, Fohanaun. The winner started at 10-1 against

Sport and General

A CLOSE FINISH

The leaders in the Craven (S.) Plate passing the post. The race was won by Sir W. Gilbey's Gallopade, which beat King's Parade by a neck. Linkman was a close third

OUR YACHTING PAGE

Compiled by "PENDARVES" (Under Compulsion)

THE GLENEAGLES WINNER

C. A. Whitcombe, of Crews Hill, who won the *Glasgow Herald* tournament at Gleneagles. In the final over 36 holes he beat E. Ray, of Oxhey, by 10 and 8

THERE is invariably considerable feeling prevalent in yachts' galleys on the subject of what is—but more particularly what is *not*—the perfect cooking stove. Mr. Peake-Bulkhead's contribution, therefore, to the aux.: 2¾ metre stove class, suitable for yawls, ketches, sloops and slops, is not without interest. It embodies entirely new principles (and vocabularies) in the consumption of vaporised naphthaline from the crude antiseptic crystal. It guarantees to cook a two-course meal for twelve persons between sunrise and sunset at a fuel cost of 4s. 9½d. It is possible, according to the makers, to overcook as many as four broad beans on one burner alone; and the construction of the mechanism is such that only quite a negligible amount of naked naphthaline flame comes in actual contact with the food. We understand these "Pari-Mutuel" stoves (as they are called) have been fitted into Lord Blarste's motor cruiser, "Wellimdamed, and Lady Lipsticke's Howdoyouknow, both of whom speak very strongly of them. We shall watch their salvage with interest.

Racing at Rye, since our last report, appears to have been very interesting, there being a number of close finishes: more particularly in the International .06 metre class, which started at 3.47 a.m. from the mark buoy. Entries for the most part were good, though there were several absentees amongst the owners. In this race Bedstead opened away from the fleet, winning easily in 4h. 34m. 15s., a fine performance. The struggle was keen for second place between Imcoming, in 6h. 17m. 29s., and Soami, in 9h. 59m. 9⅗s. In the handicap, under 700 tons, the official times were: Flybynight (Mr. Palmolive), 4 days 17 hours (dead). Hustle (Mrs. I. Am-Some), 5 days 4 hours several minutes; and Schnorrer (Mr. Eisenburg), 6 days 3 hours 59¼ secs.

Racing on The Narrows is now, of course, in full swing [He means "full sail."—ED.]. But it is not until December 16 that the really heavy programme starts, as many visitors do not reach these waters until about that date, and it is only then that the respective skippers will be found in one locality: in this case we are glad to learn that the licence has been renewed in spite of that little trouble last season with the local authorities. One of the most interesting events will be held on New Year's Eve, when the Inland Water Transport will hold their Challenge Cup—to be filled by the losers. A roomy Cup with an 11-foot beam and a 6-foot draft. The method of scoring for this popular race has been altered somewhat, and is now as follows:—

The first boat home shall receive the number of points, less ⅞ths of those obtained during the last two seasons in other waters, corresponding to the number of boats competing in the race *prior* to 1922, since the inception of the Trophy. Each succeeding boat home receiving 1⅞ths points less. Admiralty score checkers have been graciously loaned from Whitehall for the occasion; the I.W.T. to pay their separation, lodging, fuel and light allowances whilst so employed.

SKETCHES BY MAC

J. W. HEARNE

The famous Middlesex and England cricketer. He is seen here putting up one of his insidious slows with which he wreaks such damage among county batsmen

Cowes prospects are brilliant. An extensive programme comprising, approximately, five hundred races for "class" and "no class" boats having been arranged by the Commodores Committee of Control. In the interests of national economy several of the well-known yachts have had their masts reduced this season; though the patriotic reduction does not seem to have affected the vagaries of the vessels to any considerable extent. Under the new timing scale Trident and Double Cross have to concede 2¾ hours per mile to Charred Heather and Edinboro-rock. But this should not make any appreciable difference. In fact, Lord Boost, owner of Double Cross, has stated to the Vice-Admiral Commanding that he "likes it like that." Owing to the temporary imprisonment of Captain Bilge, Captain Hitchbrace will be in complete charge of Edinboro-rock, and some hard swearing is eagerly anticipated, and will be fully reported.

For Sale (by very private treaty).—75 tons (more or less) T.S. motor-drifter. Splendid sea-going boat on an ebb tide. Modern. Built of wood (all British logs) by Lloyds of Cornhill. Fitted with thoroughly virile paraffin lamps of unknown but reliable make. One cabin: three shake downs: galley-saloon: splendid head-room for men of mean stature. Large cockroachpit: usual inconveniences.

For Immediate Delivery.—Auxiliary Ketch Yacht Omygod. Absolutely sound: passed Lloyd's survey in 1894. Has Birmingham rig and is fairly complete with usual equipment. Finest yacht of the deep-sea diving type available. Long time charter preferred. Made two record passages for this class from the Sunk Lightship to Wapping Old Stairs, and has been laid up at Southend ever since. Owner taking to aviation on doctor's advice. No unreasonable offer refused.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR WEEK-END.

Thames Estuary to Solent.—Likely to break up and become Arctic in temperature. Winds probably at from 65 to 73 knots, sou'-west by south-quarter-west.

New York: A First Impression

BY HELEN McKIE

Our artist writes: "The first impressions of New York are many and varied. Of course one is immediately struck by the towering sky-scrapers, and these, far from being the monstrosities that one has usually been led to believe, are really very beautiful; in fact, New York is architecturally a very handsome city. The traffic is terrific and is regulated by automatic lights in towers, as shown in the drawing in the centre. On Broadway one sees all types—Germans, Swedes, Negroes, Jews, Italians, and here and there a few original Americans!"

Produced July 4, 1927.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is an extraordinarily mirthful play. After provoking a steady outburst of laughter for the best part of three Acts there is a final scene that sends the audience almost into hysterics. The play is based on the ripe old theme of conjugal infidelity, retold in accordance with the outlook of the new men and new manners of the times. Gentlemen who used to find that sort of thing not very diverting in the presence of their wives guffaw cheerily at the idea of a middle-aged rake taking the usual "little milliner" out to dinner with ulterior motives; while gentle ladies bend double in their seats with recklessly sustained laughter, pausing only now and again as a matter of prudence to satisfy themselves that they have not wriggled out of their shoulder-straps in a paroxysm of hilarity.

SIR HECTOR BENBOW, Bart., M.F.H., left his Mayfair flat for a stroll round the town, when he happened to catch sight of a rather nice girl dressing the window of a milliner's shop, and he promptly went inside and invited her to dine with him at his flat. She protested that she was not in the habit of doing such things, but would accept the invitation just for once—a simple touch of nature that set the Old Adam simpering in most of us. Sir Hector returned home, having omitted to ask the young lady her name; but, as we know, Shakespeare has laid it down for all time that a rose will always be a rose whatever you may call it. Besides, if Sir Hector had known the lady's name the information would have made a devastating hole in the plot, and that isn't done in drama. So that, on his return to his flat, he tells the servants that a lady will call and say she has been invited to dinner, and she is at once to be welcomed as an honoured guest.

"O, LOVELY NIGHT" *Stage Photo Co.*

Sir Hector Benbow, M.F.H. (Tom Walls), follows the immortal Jorrocks in "where the M.F.H. dines he sleeps." Ronald Gamble (Ralph Lynn) finds that sleep is not so easily come by when your uncle is a bit heavy in the nose

ABOUT the same time the elderly and quite unattractive Mrs. Frush (a delightful outbreak of nonsense by Mary Brough), who has bought the Hall at Thark, calls to complain that she thinks the deal ought to be called off because the house is clearly haunted. Mrs. Frush is, naturally, in a play of this sort, regarded by the servants as the expected guest. This is the first complication. The next arises when Sir Hector appears with a despondent air to announce that his wife, Lady Benbow, has telegraphed that she will arrive home from the country in time to dine with him. Sir Hector's only chance of keeping the peace of the home intact is to beg his nephew, Ronald Gamble, to take charge of the little milliner, while he himself, and his Lady, receive Mrs. Frush, whose appearance is an absolute guarantee of perfect respectability.

FROM this point onwards the play becomes for a while just a vehicle for funny back-chat between Mr. Tom Walls, as the wayward baronet, and Mr. Ralph Lynn, as the nephew. These two actors are most excellently contrasted here. Mr. Walls is stolid in manner and plain-spoken to the quintessential degree of candour, while Mr. Lynn is, as usual, all hints and hesitations, coupled with the amazing fertility of by-play in which he is known to excel. When the little milliner, whose name proves to be Cherry Buck (Miss Ena Mason), arrives for dinner it is found that Lady Benbow has preceded her; and her ladyship naturally raises her eyebrows with the orthodox surprise in such tremendous moments, and wants to know things. By that sin fell the angels!

NEPHEW RONALD has a bright idea. He promptly introduces Cherry as Mrs. Frush, of Thark; but when the real Mrs. Frush appears a moment or two later it is obvious that his emphatic statement requires very considerable emendation. Sir Hector volunteers an alternative explanation; but, picturesque though it be, it appears that his Lady is wise in the ways of wanton men, and when she shakes her head incredulously at every point in his argument he is obliged to retire beaten

SAFETY FIRST *Stage Photo Co.*

Kitty Stratton (Winifred Shotter) and Sir Hector (Tom Walls) looking none too happy. Ronald Gamble (Ralph Lynn) meanwhile gives a clever impersonation of a "sleuth"

from the unequal contest with the mournful conclusion that there is nothing doing.

MRS. FRUSH, who has no sort of interest in Sir Hector's matrimonial adventures, brings the debate back to the subject of her haunted house. As Sir Hector ridicules the possibility of ghosts, she challenges him and his friends to come to Thirsk and investigate the position for themselves. Mrs. Frush's son Lionel (an agreeable comedical performance by Mr. Kenneth Kove) has fallen in love with the volatile Cherry Buck, so that she, too, is of the house party. It is decided in the first instance that nephew Ronald shall sleep in the room alleged to be haunted, and when broad hints are thrown out that he is not likely to live through the night the audience is naturally hugely delighted.

FINALLY a compromise is arrived at, and it is agreed that Sir Hector shall share the old four-poster bed with Ronald, in order to see fair play. The spectacle of Mr. Walls and Mr. Lynn in bed together sets the ladies rocking in their seats, and when Mr. Walls is found to be occupying more than his fair share of the bed, while Mr. Lynn is obliged to try and sleep partly on his pillow and partly on an adjoining table, the theatre is just one long shriek. The scene apparently recalls an imperfect domesticity to so many. As soon as the light is turned off, alarming interruptions begin. Mrs. Frush's son, trying to find Cherry's room, opens the door stealthily so as not to wake anyone, and creates the first panic, and so the game goes merrily on.

THE final scare is a mysterious and ominous tapping at the windows. Sir Hector reaches for the rook-rifle he has taken to bed with him, and darts out on the verandah to pepper the alleged ghost. Meanwhile Cherry slips into the room in a state of underwear, and complains to Ronald, who is snug in bed, that she was just preparing to retire when she became aware of the presence of a man in the room. In spite of the drenching rain she escaped by way of the verandah, and, though she is glad to be able to warm herself by the fire, she is still horribly cold. In her view Ronald would be only doing the right thing if he vacated the bed and allowed her to creep there for warmth.

RONALD, however, absolutely declines to do anything of the kind. The obvious alternative is not, of course, even hinted at, but, to judge by the anticipatory shriek of laughter that followed the momentary pause, it must have been already formulated in many of the sinful minds present. The play ends with the dropping of a thunderbolt or something of that sort, and, on the fall of the curtain, it is deservedly cheered again and again. Myself, I have not laughed so heartily for years.

JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

THERE is an elderly gentleman who daily goes round the St. Andrews course. He likes to connect his exercise with links of the past.

. . . . .

A MR. LEPPARD has made 10,000 at the anchor billiards shot. His name suggests that in future he be spot barred.

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT wishes us to trace the authorship of the following toast to a soldier :—

" Your arms are our defence;
Our arms your recompense—
Fall in!!! "

. . . . .

A CERTAIN professional cricketer is taking up journalism as a career. Once again, the pen is mightier than the sward.

. . . . .

IT is said that for twenty years an Ealing night watchman has not had a holiday. Truly he has missed his vacation.

. . . . .

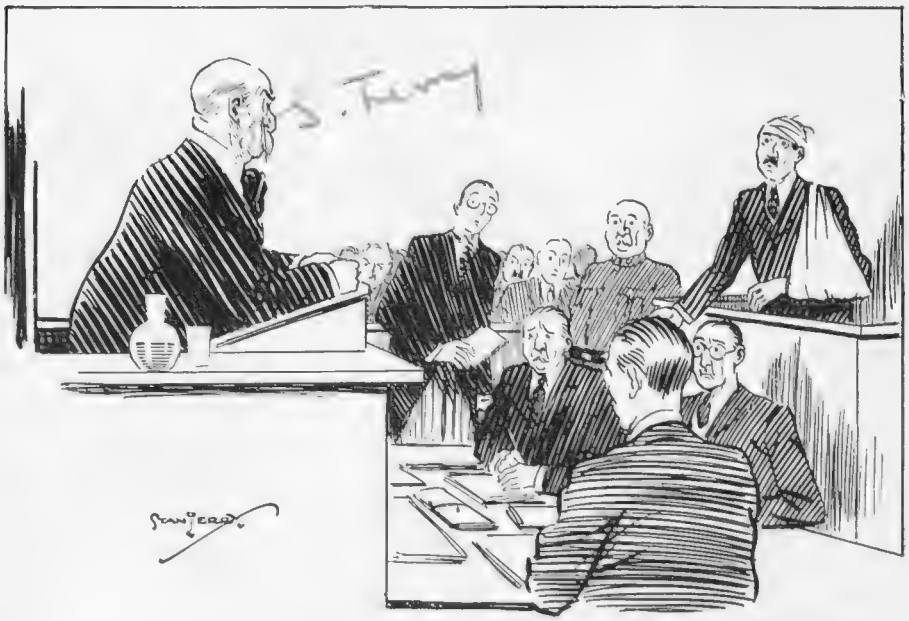
THE latest prodigy is a monkey who can count. Soon we shall hear of a porcupine who is a quill driver.

. . . . .

A CERTAIN medium announces that he can only get the requisite effects when under the influence of alcohol. Far be it from us to damp his spirits.

. . . . .

WOMEN, we are told, are still aping men. For the *n*th time we repeat that it's " manners maketh men ! "



By STAN TERRY

A BURNING SHAME

ACCUSED MOTORIST (*indignantly*): " Excessive speed ! Why, my car caught fire and I was badly burned "

MAGISTRATE: " Precissely ! You will be fined for scorching "

SHE was a keen fisherwoman. " And did you catch any chub? " asked her best friend. " No dear," she remarked, " I was fishing for Jack—and incidentally I caught him ! "

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT states that few Stock Exchange brokers have any acquaintance with the classics. But surely we are always hearing about their " stock " quotations.

. . . . .

A TRAVELLER, who has returned from Central Russia, says that life under the Soviet Government is hell. We refuse to believe that hell is as bad as all that.

NEAREST OF ALL

Nearest to me art thou,
Others to thee must bow;
I cannot tell thee how
I worship thee.

When I am grey and old,
I know thou'lt ne'er grow cold,
Still will you ever hold
My heart in fee.

Some crave for riches rare;
Others for beauty fair;
I merely know I care
Only for thee.

Often I ask myself,
Were you left on the shelf,
Cast off for sordid pelf,
Where should I be?

Nay, nay, come shine or storm,
Still shalt thou clasp my form
In an embrace that's warm,
Brightest and best.

Never we twain shall part;
Twine thyself round my heart;
Nearest to me thou art—
My flannel vest!

. . . . .

A BIGAMIST has recently been convicted. His defence about the high cost of loving was disregarded.

. . . . .

IT is stated that twenty per cent. of our Members of Parliament are men of inferior intellect. This is not so bad as we thought.

. . . . .

A NORTH Country policeman recently arrested twelve couples on a Sunday. Dear, dear! What a day of arrest!

By JACK GORDGE

POT LUCK !

CURATE: " I'm going out to Africa on missionary work next week. How did you find the savages liked missionaries while you were there? "

BIG GAME HUNTER: " Braised, dear boy, braised ! "

A Seaside Snap Shot

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Ingenious method of overcoming the difficulty of taking one's own photograph while bathing

"Sur les Points"

Nickolas Muray, New York

DOROTHY DILLEY

Who is one of the best known of America's younger school of ballet dancers. Miss Dilley will make her European *début* in September, when she will appear at the Paris Opera before coming to London

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Motor out for lunch or dinner"

MES AMIS,

IT is a matter of common agreement that the Académie Française is an assembly of severe, sedate, stiff and solemn personages, versed in all the exasperating intricacies of French grammar, who deliberate in an appropriate atmosphere of profundity as to whether words employed by ordinary mortals shall be admitted to the dictionary. If there is any body of men qualifying for first rank in austerity and pedagogic pompousness it is this collection of "Immortals"—in the opinion of the typical Parisian.

BUT there is something wrong about it somewhere. Either the Academicians are merely posing when they pretend to be so pompously serious, or they have changed mightily, and unbelievably, since the days of their youth. *Bien entendu,* it is quite in accordance with the scheme of earthly happenings that Academicians should become less flippant when they have passed their sixtieth milestone, as most of them have, but in their case the change is so immense as to be incredible.

FOR, do you know where an important proportion of the present "Immortals" began their literary career? In the pages of that sauciest of light weeklies *La Vie Parisienne.* When you think of those grave dictionary-makers in their green and gold uniforms, with their wondrously chased swords, it sounds impossible; but the facts are there. The evidence has just come to light through the election of M. Abel Hermant, who has helped to put the sparkle in *La Vie Parisienne* for no fewer than thirty years, and this has recalled that many other Academicians successfully used the same stepping-stone, including Paul Bourget, Maurice Donnay, Henri Lavedan and Taine. We shall now read "La Vie" with attention to style as well as to matter. One never knows. The giddy gossiper of to-day may be the *Cher Maître* of to-morrow. But it has to be admitted that most Parisians were taken by surprise by the latest revelation.

THIS is the time of the year when Parisians seek to evolve methods of escape from the *coup de fusil.* The *coup de fusil* is the blow one endures when the *hôtelier* presents a bill that is at least five times as long as it ought to be, even when one has anticipated the worst by multiplying everything by the current coefficient of six. Nobody seems to be quite sure of the origin of the phrase *coup de fusil,* but everyone has had experience of it as a dead shot. The region in which the *coup de fusil* has been more frightful than all others lately is that about fifty miles outside Paris, along the great trunk roads, just the distance to which Parisians like to motor out for lunch or dinner on Sundays or *jours fériés.*

"The *coup de fusil* is the blow one endures"

SO you will imagine the delight which Parisians feel over the *revanche* recently inflicted on the *patron* of one of these hotels by an artist who had evidently been a victim of some of the kind. This proprietor had decided to call his establishment by the homely and inviting name of "Au pot-au-feu," and he commissioned the artist, not knowing his reputation as a wit and cynic, to paint an elaborate sign.

When completed, the artist said he would see to the hanging himself, and call out the proprietor to look upon the "finished effect." Soon came the call, "Venez voir" and the *patron* saw a highly coloured picture of a traveller, blindfolded, and bound to a stake. Facing the victim was a platoon of *chasseurs*—in restaurant uniform—with their rifles levelled, and, instead of "Au pot-au-feu," deep red letters announced the sinister command, "Au poteau, Feu!" Before the *patron* had recovered from the shock the artist had fled, feeling it advisable not to wait for any financial remuneration.

Because of an exhibition of *La Mode Française* on the Lido, Marcel has pounced upon it as an excuse to go to Venice, but I cannot imagine that *La Mode Française* will benefit in any way from his presence. The only persons who will ever take his eye from his long-drawn-out *apértif* at the Excelsior will be those parading pyjamas or bathing costumes; and French frocks, be they ever so lovely, will never get in the picture. Fancy saying you are going to Venice to see French frocks, anyway, when you live within a stone's throw of the Rue de la Paix! There is, of course, some other reason, but I have not yet been able to discover who.

Up to now I have not been able to remark that there is any particular one missing from the familiar faces of Montparnasse. *En effet*, there would seem to be more of the familiar faces than usual in the *cafés* of the *quartier*. This is the thin time of the year for models, as so many painters have gone away from the capital for the summer months, and the models haunt the *cafés* in the hope of picking up an engagement. Among the faces which are familiar one cannot always tell, of course, whether they belong to models or not. The more like models they look, the less likely are they to be models and the more likely to be outsiders striving to feel Bohemian. Still, any one of them, I am sure, would welcome a trip to Venice and a spell of *dolce far niente*. I shall have to meet Marcel at the Gare de Lyon to inspect the reason of his untimely disappearance.

"Dolce far niente"

"Parading pyjamas or bathing costumes"

Vatel, the *chef* who spitted himself on his sword because the fish intended for Louis XIV had not arrived in time, has a *digne* descendant in the chief waiter of a leading Paris hotel, who has just handed in his resignation because the manners of present-day clients are too much for him to bear. Entering the bedroom of a client who was paying six hundred francs a day, he found him taking a foot-bath, and this *sans-gêne* so shocked him that he decided to abandon his post right away. "People who appear like that before servants," he said, "have no respect for themselves. Rather than associate with them I would prefer to retire to the country and grow cabbages." And he did. The grand manner still has its stalwarts.

René.

WHILE COMO SLEEPS

The air is still, the sky serene,
And Como, modest maid, is sleeping;
The scented night hangs like a screen
To hinder those who might be peeping.
The lamp I sit by glimmers low,
And in the milky pool below it
My pencil hymns Bellagio.
Waiter! Chianti for a poet!

A girl has turned me from my theme.
She sits apart, the shingled Venus.
How wonderful to-night would seem
With just this table-top between us!
Her eyes are dim-lit mysteries
Whose meaning would I fain discover.
Is this then love? Indeed it is!
Waiter! Chianti for a lover!

She rises; like a ghost is gone;
Nor leaves with me one parting token
Except her image, stamped upon
A heart prostrated, if not broken..
Though life must still be lived somehow,
The solace it can bring is scanty;
For what has life to offer now?
Waiter! Chianti: just Chianti!

C. R. G.

BY ALBERT PALLEN

"You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?"
"Because I like his attentions"

TAKING A SHORT

A typical incident during the big week which shows the large class racing. This scene, as a contrast to the orthodox view of the S
to wind or tide, to save time on their opponents, they take the excitin

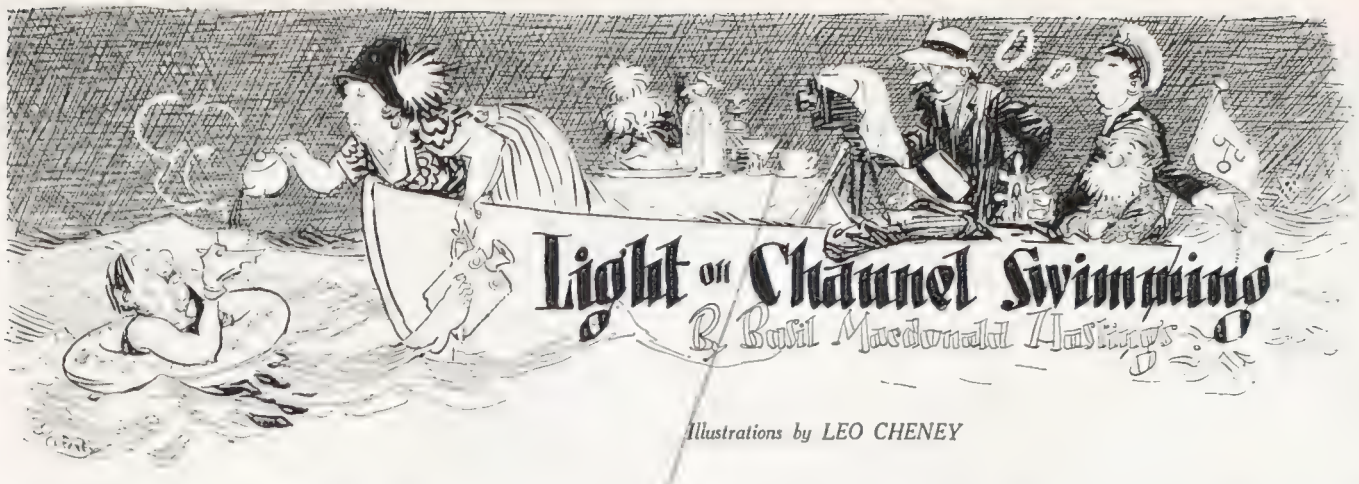
SHORT CUT AT COWES

BY [illegible]

view of the Solent, with the yachts racing more or less in procession, shows the skill displayed by the captains of the yachts when, owing e the exciting step of charging through the fleet of vessels assembled off Cowes

GRIT!

BY WILMOT LUNT



Light on Channel Swimming

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

"I HAVE simply got to swim the Channel this summer," says Mr. Perks, of Birmingham.

Well, we are all at the mercy of our impulses. There was once a man who cut himself off from all his friends, ate barely enough to keep him alive, and was often touched on the shoulder by the police because of his habit of stopping and soliloquising at street corners. He had made a resolution at all costs to win the first prize in the Sack Race at the annual sports of the outdoor employees of the Balls Pond Electric Laundry. He won, but afterwards he had to be "put away" along with other people who have lived their lives solely for pleasure.

Lucky are we whose impulses are humbler.

"I simply must bath the dog some time to-day," I have said on innumerable occasions. A few days later there is a dog, bathed. There is no mistaking the fact, because when bathed he has black spots like a Dalmatian, and when unbathed he might be a one colour collie.

Now, firm as was my resolve, I have done no dog-bathing. After work, when such a job could be done, a man has a way of taking a nap. After all, we must snatch sleep when we can, we men, for all of us are martyrs to insomnia. Then how is it that the dog is clean? Obviously someone else has been inspired by me to do the job, which just shows that if there are good impulses in a man they affect those around him.

Is Channel-swimming a good impulse? Supposing I were to throw down the paper one evening and talk to my family like this:—

"I've simply got to do it. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and I realise that it is this summer or never."

No one would pay any attention at first, but they would begin to pick me up as the atmospherics improved.

"The thing is inexpensive, as far as I can see. I have a costume. All I need is a helmet, to keep the shrimps out of my hair, and about 7 lb. of grease for rubbing all over to exclude the cold."

I can see my audience looking up now, slightly unwillingly, but yet with an expression that half admits that father may have something interesting to say after all.

"I shall have to engage a pilot and a trainer, of course, but the only other expenses will be the boat and the meat-juice, which is sure to make me sick. I shall expect you all to accompany me in the boat and spend the night singing melodies calculated to put heart into me."

By this time one of the listeners may be sufficiently roused to ask me what I am talking about.

"Swimming the Channel," I shall say.

"Oh!" two of them may ejaculate, and then return to their comas.

The other might ask which side I intended to start from.

"The French side, of course."

"Why the French side? Lots of people have done it that way."

"Because, starting from the French side, I shan't have to pay the fare home."

That will quell them, or rather would, if such a conversation ever took place. It will never take place. I could never feel like Perks. If I were to meet Perks and I heard him say, "I have simply got to swim the Channel," I should look upon him as a being from another world. I should be polite, of course, but I should be compelled to make it clear that he and I had absolutely nothing in common.

Not only because I have no impulse to swim the Channel would I abstain from the conversation I have outlined. I should be afraid to assume the impulse in case it affected one of my family, as it does, for instance, in the matter of washing the dog.

"What?" cry you (because when I'm writing I can make you cry anything I like). "Do you mean to say you would not be proud of a son or daughter who had achieved this magnificent feat?"

Stop, stop, stop! What is all this nonsense about "pride"? Pride is sinful. I have the greatest difficulty in avoiding it, when I think

"All I need is a helmet to keep the shrimps out of my hair"

of my readers and other critics. Leave the question of pride altogether out of it, and ponder with me if there is any pleasure to be got out of being the parent of a celebrity.

In the first place, parents of young people who "do" things seem always to be let in for distributing expensive presents. I do not mind tendering small tokens of affection at Christmas and on the anniversary of a day of birth, but I do draw the line at demoneytising myself just because one of my own offspring has got into the newspapers. You know the way they talk.

"Now, can I have that ten-guinea jumper, mother?" Mother smiles sweetly and gets kissed. In the background lurks father, out of whose pockets the ten guineas assuredly must come. No children ever understand this. If they get money for the "pictures" or cream for their strawberries, it is father who pays, but never in the history of the world have children given him credit for it.

Sometimes they say: "I guess I've earned that roadster that popper promised me." They haven't got the decency to say "motor car." No, they call it a roadster, which makes it sound cheap, and the unfortunate father look mean.

"I do not mind tendering small tokens of affection"

Apart from the outrageous expense of fathering celebrities, there is the distressing fact that from the moment of the so-called triumph the parent dwindles into utter insignificance. Before the son or daughter looped the loop around the Eclipse, or whatever feat may be still left unachieved, people respected the parents to some extent, and perhaps asked them in friendly enough fashion what they were going to do with their offspring.

But after the achievement of the swimming or flying or tennis record, whatever it may be, people pretty nearly ask the children what they are going to do about their parents. I have it on the very best authority that the father of the girl who, without giving any intelligible explanation, stopped under water for 7 hours 42 minutes 8 seconds was turned out of his favourite armchair to accommodate a newspaper interviewer!

It will be recognised that I am entirely against Channel-swimming for my family, or for any of my relations. But I am quite sure that it is perfectly all right for this Mr. Perks. Nice, remunerative sort of name he's got, hasn't he?

B. M. H.

Photo Illus.

YOUTHFUL PRIZE-WINNERS

Eleanor and William Whitehead, who were among the competitors at the Bedfordshire Agricultural Show at Ampthill. With their ponies Maggie and Tom Tit they won prizes in the Children's Pony Class

Adding To Her Laurels

Hay Wrigatson

MISS JOYCE BARBOUR

Whose charming personality does much to add to the brightness of Laddie Cliff's cheery show, "Shake Your Feet," at the Hippodrome. She plays the leading feminine rôle in this revue, which has so successfully followed on the super-successful "Sunny"

Three Weddings of the Month

AT THE RECEPTION

Hay Wrightson

Colonel the Rt. Hon. George Gibbs, M.P., Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, and his bride, the Hon. Ursula Lawley, eldest daughter of Sir Arthur Lawley and the Hon. Lady Lawley, photographed with the best man, Major Hubert Gibbs, and the bridal attendants, Master Michael Dawson, Master Paul Gore, the Misses Doreen and Diana Gibbs, Betty and Carol Hay, Belinda Dawson and Ursula Gore, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was until recently a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and Their Majesties attended the wedding in person

Alfieri

A GUARDSMAN'S WEDDING

Captain Sir Alexander Stanier, Welsh Guards, with his bride, Miss Dorothy Miller, daughter of Brig.-General A. D. Miller, leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding. Sir Alexander is the Assistant Military Secretary at Gibraltar

Topical

THE ARCH OF SWORDS

The bridal couple leaving St. Swithin's Church, Southsea, after the wedding of Lieutenant N. E. Dalton, R.N., H.M.S. President, and Miss Elizabeth Jenkins. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. R. J. Jenkins, City Engineer of Portsmouth

Some Royalty on the Active List

I. B.

THE DUKE OF YORK AT READING

H.R.H. the Duke of York photographed with Mr. S. B. Joel at the opening of the new playing field at Reading. This was given by Mr. Joel to the National Playing Fields Association

G.P.U.

AT ARUNDEL

Princess Mary photographed inspecting the British Red Cross Society's Nurses (Sussex section) in the grounds of Arundel Castle. Princess Mary is seen here with the Duchess of Norfolk

Photopress

WITH THE COLOURS

Prince Henry photographed at the recent presentation of new Standards to the 3/6th Dragoon Guards at Tidworth. Following Prince Henry is Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson

THE WASH OUT

By Leo Cheney

The dreadfu. moment at the Van Oof's picnic party when they discover that instead of the luncheon basket they have inadvertently brought the laundry basket

AN OUTSIDER

By Graham Simmons

Fond Mother: "Reggie, dear, there's a ten minutes' stop here. Wouldn't you like to get out and stretch your legs?'

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"Hail Columbians drink only water"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

It are more refreshing as a pearling or suchly liquid brook to discover to find 1's self in a land where everybody, masc and femn, are pure and good and think only theological thoughts non-adulterate by Hon. Sir late Darwin, Huxley and other wicked and ecclesiasticalless persons who lived to only prove that our Hon. ancestors were not more as 3 or 5 times removed cousins from gorillas. In Hail Columbia it are a very penal offence to depose that your Hon. ancestors dived for nuts in trees, walked on their tails or performed suchly arboreal evolutions, and would cause you to be mulct 5£s and a caution. Also it are a very illegal and wicked sin to drink beer or B and S's or suchly fomentations which cause us to be 1-st happy and gay, and then to suffer extreme pangs in the head and ther retributions. Thusly the Hail Columbians drink only water which makes them to become very pure and strong and brave like as Apollo and suchly noble ancients. O how much better, I ejaculate, it should be for Grt. Brittons to not drink any more bacchanalion fluids, but only the sparkling and reproachless beverage purveyed by Hon. Metropolitan Water Board at next to almost not anything per cubic gallon. O very indeedly yes! Let us then trust to sincerely hope that in less as a very short time the Grt. Brittons and the Hail Columbians will execute amicable competitions for who shall drink the most water per head per *diem*, masc and femn. With these so pious thoughts, I shall now decant some further extractions from the explorings in the strange and unknown lands and other ¼'s of the globe.

Feb. 27-rd.—The more I ascertain to see of this so great land of Hail Columbia, the more I breathlessly gasp for astonishments. It are, I cannot doubt to suppose, more wonderful as a miracle that so enormously few persons, if any, of Grt. Britain and Europe, have succeeded to discover this land of purity, peace and plenty. After some very assiduous researchings, I are arrive to the conclusion that the Hail Columbians are disputelessly 1 or more of the Lost Tribes of Grt. Britain. There are a very hoarish legend that the 1-st Hail Columbians left the Anglo shores on or about B.C because of refusing to pay their income taxings and other legal wrongs, and sailed to discover a land with milk and honey per s.s. *Mayflower*. This steamer must have been more enormous as the *Titanic*, because 95 per cent. of Hail Columbians brought their Hon. ancestors across in her under Sir Pen Washington who suffered banishments because of cutting down Hon. King Charles's cherry trees and speaking only the truth instead of an *alibi*. Arriving to the coasts of Hail Columbia, they quickly succeeded to discover oil, steel and other lucrative mines, and also invented the potato. But Hon. Sir W. Lord Raleigh (a wicked Anglo freebuster) stole the patent and gave it to Hon. Sir Good Queen Bess. (This are very black spot on Anglo British history which has not ever been forgiven by the Hail Columbians. Saidly Raleigh suffered his nemesis at the Old Bailey with not any option.)

This interesting legend which I succeeded to learn from Hon. gent. name of Provotsky, whose parentals crossed in saidly *Mayflower*, should be worth investigations. Alreadily I have ascer-

"Hon. Sir W. Lord Raleigh gave it to Hon. Sir Good Queen Bess"

tained to discover that the Hail Columbian tongue contains more as several British words, which proves to almost show that saidly fable are not all bunkums, but more as a trifle to the contrary.

The Hail Columbians are more rich as a Crœsus and possess more cash to the sq. inch than Hon. Bank of England. This are because they live almost entirely foodless except for a patent diet called "gum." This, if placed inside the teeth on rising in the morning, can be nutritively eaten all day, thusly providing an enormously expenseless and non-stop meal. It also has very great convenience because, if non-wishing to eat, it can be extracted in less as no time and imbedded under the table or chair, or in the hat, or on the wall, where it very successfully adheres. Then, on the return of the appetite, it can be unstuck and transposed to the jaws for eating *ad. lib et infinitum.* But tyroes and suchly non-sophisticates should beware to not retrieve another person's gum which has been likewisely adhered to the wall etc, because this are regarded to be very etiquetteless and bad forms.

I cannot doubt to suppose that this patent time and cash-saving viand would grow to become frightfully popular in Grt. Britain, because of allowing persons to happily work all day without wasting lucrative time in lunches and suchly carnal pleasures. (I are now performing negotiations to successfully acquire a very A.1 gum mine and shall print a prospectus of same before not so very long. I trust to hope that not any Hon. Bystanders will miss to get inside on the ground floor as this are non-dubitably going to be an epochal and 18 carrots rolled-gold investment.)

"Hon. gent. name of Provotsky, whose parentals crossed in saidly Mayflower"

In Hail Columbia, very Upper 10 persons do not wear diamond coronas on their heads like as Anglo dukes and ladyships, but have their teeth impregnated with diamonds instead. Upper Middle 10's wear gold teeth, Lower Middle 10's wear only 1 gold tooth, and non-10's wear their teeth naked and are very no-class. That are why so numerous persons enjoy to be man-slaughtered in this country, as it are by only burgling their teeth that honestless criminals can secure the family plate and other jewels. The wealthies regard their teeth to be very precious, and these are descended down from parentals to children for heirlooms, so that in Hail Columbia good family persons boast to possess teeth which have been handed down from the *Mayflower,* Sir William Conquerer and other prehistorical remains. When a non-benevolent Hail Columbian wishes to frightfully vex his family adhesions, he wills for his gold or diamond teeth to be interred with his mortal coils, so that saidly adhesions cannot enjoy same.

In this country all persons are equal, if not more so, thusly everybody are happy and gay and live to only help each others and do kind and theological deeds.

Yogo Hama

Arthur Winter

A ROYAL VISIT

King Fuad of Egypt and his staff photographed after a luncheon party at Bank Hall, Tarle. They are seen with their host and hostess, Lieutenant-Colonel N. Seddon Brown and Mrs. Brown

SUMMER TIME IN ENGLAND

Photographs

IN THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND"

Mrs. Martin D. V. Holt, whose father is Colonel Edward Herbert, C.B., with two loyal friends in the grounds of her home, Mount Mascal, Bexley. Her husband is the eldest son of the late Sir Vesey George Mackenzie Holt

BESIDE THE POOL

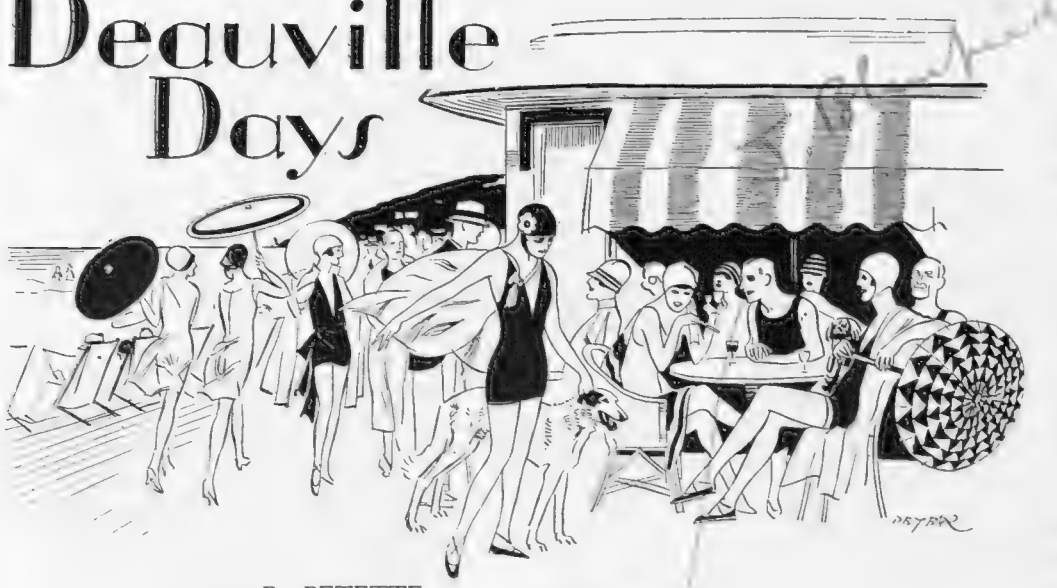
The Hon. Mrs. Linda Clarke, whose husband, Major C. H. G. Mansfield Clarke, died in 1919, and her daughter, Sara, at home at Wavendon Manor, Bletchley. She is the eldest daughter of Lord Penrhyn

Miss Compton Collier

MRS. JOHN BUCHAN-HEPBURN

With her two children, Ninian and Primrose, in the gardens of Clapham Lodge, Patching, Sussex. Her husband, to whom she was married in 1916, is the heir of Sir Archibald Buchan-Hepburn

Deauville Days



By PETETTE

Illustrations by PETER

EACH year the Plage Fleurie becomes more packed with pleasure. Weather permitting, we vie with the Lido in the undress of our bathing suits. The Potinière, with its conventional dress, has been abandoned. Deauville drinks its *apéritif* in bathing attire, reduced to the least possible dimensions, at the bar of the famous Roman bathing establishment that has made the morning dip a luxury. The season has opened with a bathing dress parade. The display of costumes was sensational. The mannequins were so beautiful that male Deauvillois hustled for the best places at the edge of the duck walk, and were duly upbraided by their wives. Fringe, sequins and embroidery were used to trim the bathing suits. A glittering mermaid, all shiny, spangly scales, was surely never meant to enter the sea! Dress for land occasions being so simple, Deauville has complicated the bathing costume by the addition of a wrap to match, a sunshade, a chair and a gaily embroidered rug to spread upon the sands, all designed and decorated to accompany the suit. They form such a paraphernalia that it is fortunate most of the fair ones possess a Rolls-Royce to bring them to the edge of the *plage*. No doubt we shall soon adopt the custom of an attendant maid to carry the baggage. Or perhaps somebody will start the fashion of a little black boy follower, *à la* du Barry.

As the season grows older the pursuit of the elusive bedroom is the chief occupation of the week-end visitor who is not lucky enough to be a guest in one of the flower-framed villas dotted about on the hills surrounding Deauville. In spite of new hotels springing up everywhere, and the older ones being stretched and added to and filled to their uttermost limits, there is not enough room for everybody who decides to run down from Saturday to Monday. Last year during the *Grande Semaine* a modest boarding housekeeper, who blossoms into a baccarat beauty at night, suggested that frenzied searchers should stay at the Casino till breakfast time when her own expensive accommodation was filled to the last makeshift bed in the bathroom.

Once lodged, the horse world is in its element at Deauville, which is the Newmarket of Normandy. The races attract crowds as dense as those at Longchamp or Auteuil. After each meeting there is a polo match. The club now has three playing grounds, making it the largest in Northern France. Some hundreds of ponies will be here during the season, and the manager arranges to supply mounts to players who do not care to go to the expense of bringing over a string.

A pleasant way to pass an hour after the races is to look in at the *Etablissement Chéri*, whose extensive stables are just opposite the course. Important sales of yearlings take place here. All the well-known owners drop in while the products of famous studs are put up for auction. Fantastic sums are paid for some of them. Others go for a mere song. The scene is a charming one with the low-roofed, timbered loose-boxes surrounded with brilliant flowers and green lawns radiating from the ring where a stalwart groom shows off the nervous, impatient pedigree babies, some of whom will win international fame later at Longchamp or Epsom.

The *tapis vert* holds as much attraction as the turf for the average visitor. Play at Deauville is always sensational, from the point of view of the onlooker who has managed to retain a sense of the value of money. The whole setting and atmosphere are redolent of high finance. Huge cigars, gigantic pearl studs, ladies dripping with diamonds, chinchilla wraps, flunkeys waiting to hand a millionaire his glass of iced water. Everybody at the table is the most expensive or successful something — dressmaker, tobacco king, dancer, film star, oil magnate, motor manufacturer — so it is not surprising they stack up the coloured plaques called "biscuits," each of which represents ten thousand francs, and stake them as casually as if they were sixpence. It is part of their stock-in-trade, and impresses the public, which would be disappointed if there were no gossip about X having made a million in half an hour in the "kitchen" last night, the "kitchen" being a room set apart for baccarat to which only men are admitted.

"The whole setting and atmosphere are redolent of high finance"

More human and full of interest are the tables where comparatively small stakes are permitted, and the players are a few young people out for fun, a little lady who desperately needs a few louis to pay the hotel bill and appease the dressmaker, and a guileless foreigner or two who find chemmy surprisingly easy. On the whole, however, there is more business than fun at Deauville. The business of seeing and being seen becomes more difficult because the crowds are so great.

PETETTE.

The Return of an Old Friend

BY M. MACMICHAEL.

The production of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," in the version by Frederick Austin, which is being played at the Wimbledon Theatre this week, is a triumph for Mr. John Barbirolli, who presents it, and for the members of the British National Opera Company who make the very most of this sparkling opera. That opera in English is by no means as dead as the pessimists would have us believe was proved by the success which "The Barber" enjoyed at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, last week

At the Southern Command Show

MISS ROSE MACKAY AND THE HON. MRS. STILLWORTH

GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER GODLEY, K.C.B., AND SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS

Photographs

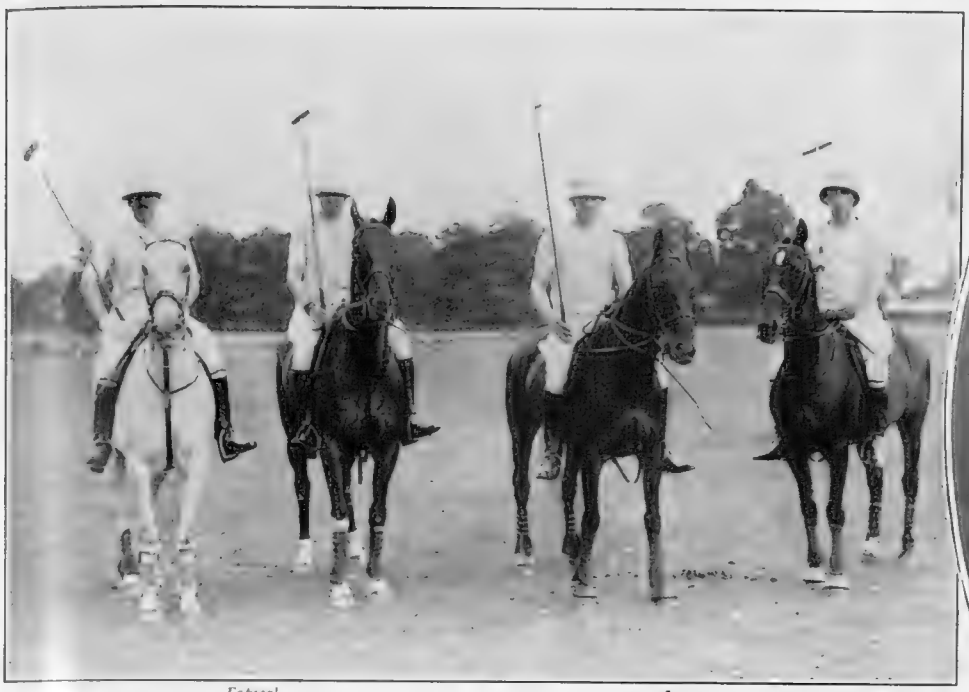
MISS BARBARA SHAW

News Illus.

THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS, MRS. JOHN HESELTINE AND MRS. HONOUR

The Southern Command Horse Show was a very distinct success. Held recently at Tidworth, not only did it draw a splendid number both of competitors and spectators, but for a wonder the weather actually behaved in a reasonable way

Looking at Polo



Topical

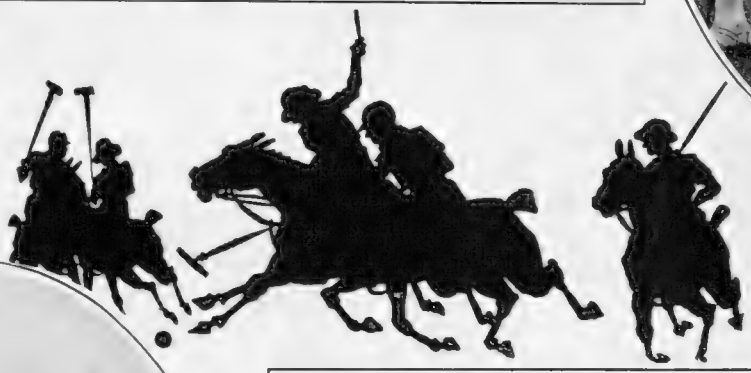
A FINAL AT COBHAM

The Ashstead Grange team which beat the 10th Hussars "B" team in the final of the Junior Challenge Cup, held at Cobham, by 9 goals to 3½. Mr. A. Brunner (left), Mr. H. S. Gaselee, Major J. A. Ledingham (captain) and Mr. E. Durlacher

Alfieri

TALKING THINGS OVER

Mrs. Dennis Bowles, Mrs. Hall and Capt. Norton are added to the photographer's "bag" at the Polo Pony Gymkhana at Roehampton. This gathering proved decidedly popular, although furs were the order of the day among the ladies



News Illus.

A LAUGHING MATTER

Two competitors and an onlooker discover the humorous side of the Polo Pony Gymkhana at Roehampton. They are Mr. M. B. Blair and Major and Mrs. Phipps Hornby

Topical

THE 10th HUSSARS "A" TEAM

Which beat the R.A. Woolwich in the final of the Handicap Challenge Cup, played at the Stoke D'Abernon ground at Cobham, by 5½ goals to 2. Capt. C. H. Gairdner (left), Capt. W. G. Horne (captain), Mr. P. J. Donner and Mr. J. P. Archer-Shee

THE DAY THAT WAS—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

In the West Countrie, *August* 1.

Dear Cousin—

Here in the distant restfulness of Devon and the peace of the sea (as Joseph Conrad once called it) I think one feels perhaps even more than ever what that Day means which happens this week. August the Fourth of great and terrible memory, tragic and splendid, glorious and heart-rending, for all of those of us who do remember—and, after all, when it finally came to its almost unhoped-for end was only about . . . yes, not quite nine years ago, though can it really have been as much as that?

"Who minds just a little drop of rain?"

卐

When a dark cloud hung over all the land and a constant dread, and yet—and yet such marvellously gallant things were done, such unbelievably heroic efforts sort of taken in their stride every hour and every minute by our wonderful men, that the sky was all lit up, so to speak, with flashes and trails of golden glory, as a poet once put it, I believe. Those poets—they had a lot to answer for once, I think, 'cos of the way they used to hymn and glorify war and sing about it as if it were a kind of jolly adventure that all the best people went in for if they had the time.

And yet these poets, I think, have got down as poets do (and that's what they're there for) to the real beauty that lives at the bottom of even, yes, all the sordidness and savagery and mud and blood of the drab awfulness that is modern war. Much easier to find it was, in a way, in those old days, I'm sure, when regiments of nice clean soldiers lined up all complete with red uniforms and gold lace and fired at each other in volleys out in the open and had a battle and finished with it straight away.

卐

Not quite like that this last time, was it? or *so* even the weakest of women who had perforce to stay at home (this not being Russia) would seem to have gathered. Yet from all the terribleness of it there emerged finally a Song of Triumph, as it were, such an epic of glorious heroism as never was before. And in this great Week of Remembrance, with that wonderful Menin Gate ceremony still close upon us, we have Laurence Binyon to sing for us of how:

With proud thanksgiving,
A mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.

Those men of whom, too, the same poet said in those oft-quoted words that should be for us, all the same, much more immortally significant than anything dear old famous but somewhat distant Shakespeare wrote:

They shall not grow old,
As we that are left grow old . . .
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We will remember them.

"The drab awfulness that is modern war"

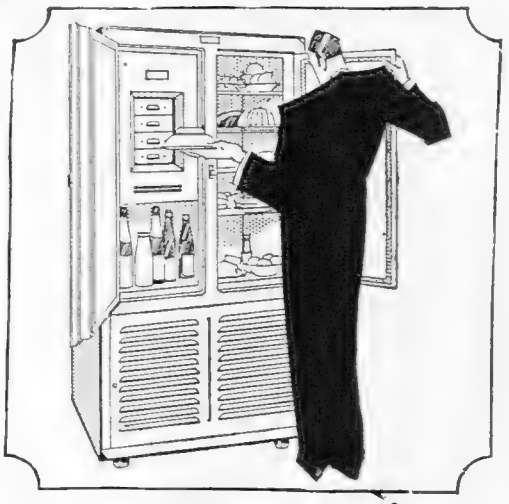
Do we? I wonder. I think so, I hope so. Life's so busy and so fussy though, isn't it, and just one dam-thing-after-anotherish that it's quite hard, sometimes, to see things just exactly at their proper values. And there, believe me, is just what seems to me one of the rather nice things about the rather pleasing holiday that your Blanchette is having just now in the midst of the exquisite wooded valleys of Devon that lead you seductively and softly on to a deep blue, sunlit sea. Here, just for a while, anyway, there is peace and silence. Three miles or so, *grace à Dieu*, we are from a station, and even the all-penetrating motor 'bus doesn't come too near. The local labourer who is making a new "drive"

(*Continued on page* 238)

"So-called moderns"

ELECTRIC COLD THE SECRET OF FOOD PERFECTION

Frigidaire— the latest triumph of the modern hostess



You may remember certain garden parties, not so very long ago. The coolness of the cucumber simply wasn't—in *your* sandwich, at any rate, while the ice cream, as Jimmy put it, "also ran" . . . Th ngs are different now. Ice, Frigidaire-made, clinks invitingly in the fruit cup—dainty cubes that someone had the happy thought to colour. The ice cream, straight from the Frigidaire, is as firm as the peaches or the strawberries, which, with their attendant cream, have also been in the same safe keeping . . . No wonder everybody's putting in Frigidaire now-a-days. It does keep things so fresh and cool and appetising. You are invited to inspect Frigidaire at any of our dealers' showrooms. Write now and find out how little it costs to get the right size of Frigidaire for *your* house or flat. Use coupon below.

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to this cottage has just told me all the local gossip and his own war experiences, and Hamlet, the brown spaniel, has placed his cold, wet nose confidingly in my hand to be caressed.

WHICH reminds me, the local reminiscences I mean—the war's not forgotten in these quiet valleys, anyway. Not a trace of that forget-the-war pose which makes us, doesn't it? just a little bit tired among some of the London so-called moderns—certain of whom, by the way, must have been much too mature really to forget it, unless they were quite determined to. Here, somehow, they continue quite simply and plainly to honour their war heroes, and don't pretend to forget or seem to want to. Here, as in Flanders' fields, the poppies blow, but they are not poppies of oblivion. Peaceful Devon doesn't forget, whatever busy London may do. . . . But tush and also gadzooks, dear Cousin, do you mean to tell me I've been talking about the war all this time—though, mind you, I'm not apologising in the very least, *chère amie*. But to-day also calls, does not it? And to-day at this very moment the sun is shining and the air is soft and soothing as only in Devon it can be, and an infinite variety of

"Pommes au (rather excessively) *naturel"*

temptations assails my only too willing ear.

A MANY-COLOURED life, this holiday one, is not it? Even when it rains. Which, by the way, a certain doctor's just been telling us is every bit as good for us as sunshine if you only know and realise it, if you're around the sea anyway. And after all, who minds just a little drop of rain? As the poet says:

> What is lovelier than rain that lingers
> Falling through the western light?

Or more exquisitely attractive, say what you may of mere commonplace sunshine, than

> The high sweet voice of the west wind,
> The fall of the warm soft rain.

IN London, *on dit*, Piccadilly's up, and will be for at least four months—*quelle* joyful welcome for the about-to-return traveller, but never mind. Nothing in all the world, I am convinced, however odd, can ever hope or ever distantly aspire to beat hotel dinners recently consumed. Wherein *pommes au* (rather excessively) *naturel* and *chou à l'eau* have competed together for local gold medal, only to be utterly defeated, incredible as it may seem, by *mouton d'avant hier*.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

How Majority Calling Affects the Game

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WE have now had an opportunity for several weeks of thoroughly testing majority bidding.

So far as I see it the position is this. A few malcontents still dislike and grumble at having to play it. A considerable number are quite indifferent and don't mind much either way. The majority of players like it. On the whole the "Ayes" have it.

The malcontents and "die-hards" are very much annoyed when their major suits or No-Trump bids are overcalled by minors. But they view the matter with less jaundiced eyes on the occasions when they are able to bring off a coup in a minor suit by making a bid which was impossible under the old conditions. There are numerous converts who, beginning by disliking it, now recognise its merits. On the whole I have no doubt it enlivens things, makes the bidding brisker, and adds zest and sparkle to the game.

. . . . . .

Majority calling means that the minor suits have come into their own. No longer is the holder of a long, powerful minor suit shut out of the bidding. To make game from love score in a minor suit is not so infrequent as it was.

This added power given to the minor suits necessitates certain changes and modification in the bidding of them. As my regular readers know, I have always been an advocate of the "Quick Trick" system of bidding, which permits the bid of one of a minor suit on a holding of three provided there are two quick tricks in it, or one quick trick in it and one outside.

But now that it is possible to bid up the minors so freely this system is dangerous, and should, I think, be abandoned. Under the old scoring it was understood generally that the initial bid of a minor suit did not convey a desire to play the game in that suit. It was simply an indication of the possession of two quick tricks. Under majority bidding it may be desirable to play a hand that in the old days would be regarded as a No-Trumper in a minor suit. I therefore advocate that under the new system a minor suit should not be called initially on less strength than a major. That is to say, the suit should be at least four, headed by Ace, King, and the other conditions that apply to major suit bidding should be observed.

. . . . . .

Pre-emptive bidding is also affected. When the minors could, to all intents and purposes, be "knocked out" by a high call in a major there was point in it. A pre-emptive bid of "Three Spades" was particularly valuable, but now its effectiveness has to some extent been diminished.

By players who have realised the situations created under the new count pre-emptive bidding is less frequent than formerly. No-Trumpers are also influenced. Under the old system it was unsound to bid a minor against a No-Trumper, except to show a lead, because it could so soon be silenced. But now it is the other way about, and the No-Trumper can be silenced or put to confusion by a high bid in Diamonds or Clubs. I have seen five Clubs and five Diamonds called and made over four No-Trumps, while the occasions when the bid of "Three Clubs" upsets a No-Trumper are very numerous.

The minor suits now can be used effectively to put up opponents into a contract they cannot fulfil. They can be called as game-making propositions when formerly they could not, and they can be employed defensively to save a game which under the old count could not be saved.

Many players still fail to realise the skilful employment of this added power given to the minor suits. They have a dread of pushing minor suit bidding too far. But as an example of how a big minor suit may save the game and rubber, I saw a good player recently bid seven Clubs over a six Spade bid. He was doubled and was two down on his contract, losing 200 points less 54 for honours—a net loss of 146—a very cheap save! Under the old count he could not have called his Clubs at all over six Spades.

He must have let the rubber go.

If you watch carefully the new situations which arise through the increased possibilities of bidding minor suits, I think you will come to the conclusion that majority calling improves the game.

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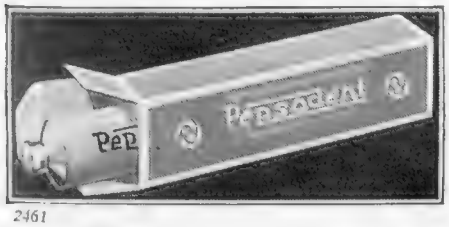

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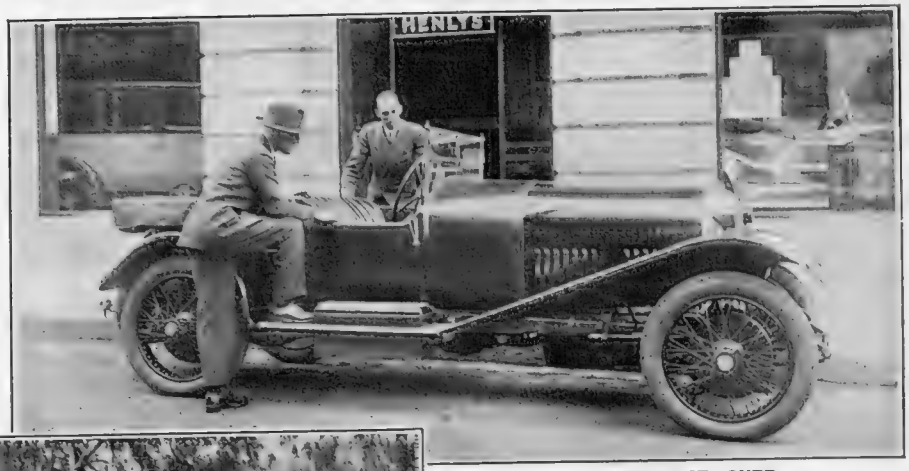
MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

With all the excellent examples of value for money in new cars, there is still nothing to beat a good second-hand. I am a great believer in this method of purchase, and when a reader asks advice on how best to lay out a given sum of money, after reviewing the various new models available, I always include a paragraph showing the sort of value he or she can obtain in a used car at that figure. The beginner inevitably perpetrates certain cruelties on his first car. Is it fair to the car, to himself, or to his pocket, that it should be a brand new model? Let him buy second-hand, and by the time he has knocked around for some months he will have learned enough to (a) treat a new car properly, to (b) appreciate the advantages of newness, and (c) (perhaps most important) to know what kind of car suits him best. Till he has had this much experience he has only the advice of other people to go on, and when he gets to know for himself, he may find that he has been badly advised. To the more experienced motorist the second-hand proposition often appeals because, in the first place, he can try the car—the actual one he is going to buy, not a picked demonstrator, the performance of which may have been boosted up to a much higher standard than that of the ordinary production model. In the next place, he will not have to do the eternal cleaning and polishing which possession of a new car always demands from those who also possess a right conscience in this matter.

***

The volume of used car business is so enormous that the big agents have been forced to organise this side of their activities on a serious scale. Some of them have built up a vast business chiefly on used cars. I have in mind particularly Henlys, Ltd., of Great Portland Street, whose organisation I looked over recently. This concern, which started in quite a modest way—incidentally it was the originator of easy payments without deposit in the motor trade—has now usually over 100 second-hand cars in stock. Every one of them has been inspected, overhauled where necessary, and is sold either on extended payments or cash, with a written guarantee (in the case of those worth over £100) for three months. A glance down the second-hand list at the time of my visit showed the extraordinary value that one can get in second-hands. There was, for instance, a 1925 four-door Chrysler saloon at £265; higher up in the scale an almost new 14-45 h.p. Talbot tourer (list £395) for £335. The same applied at the top of the scale; there was a four-seater sports Bentley of this year's make, *i.e.*, with 4½ years of the makers' guarantee still to run, at £875, as compared with the catalogue price of £1,125, a saving of £250, or just on 22½ per cent. for a car that had only run a few thousand miles. I am firmly convinced that if one wants a good second-hand car in these days it is far safer to place oneself in the hands of an agent who will treat one as a prospective purchaser of a new car later on, and who has a reputation to keep, and the resources to see that, in the event of any trouble, one receives satisfaction whatever it may cost.



LOOKING IT OVER

A prospective purchaser examining a second-hand car outside Henlys, Ltd., of Great Portland Street. Hints to would-be purchasers will be found on this page

A REST *EN ROUTE*

Miss Violette Cordery and her companion taking tea by the roadside "somewhere in the East" during her recently accomplished motor tour round the world. The car she used was an Invicta

***

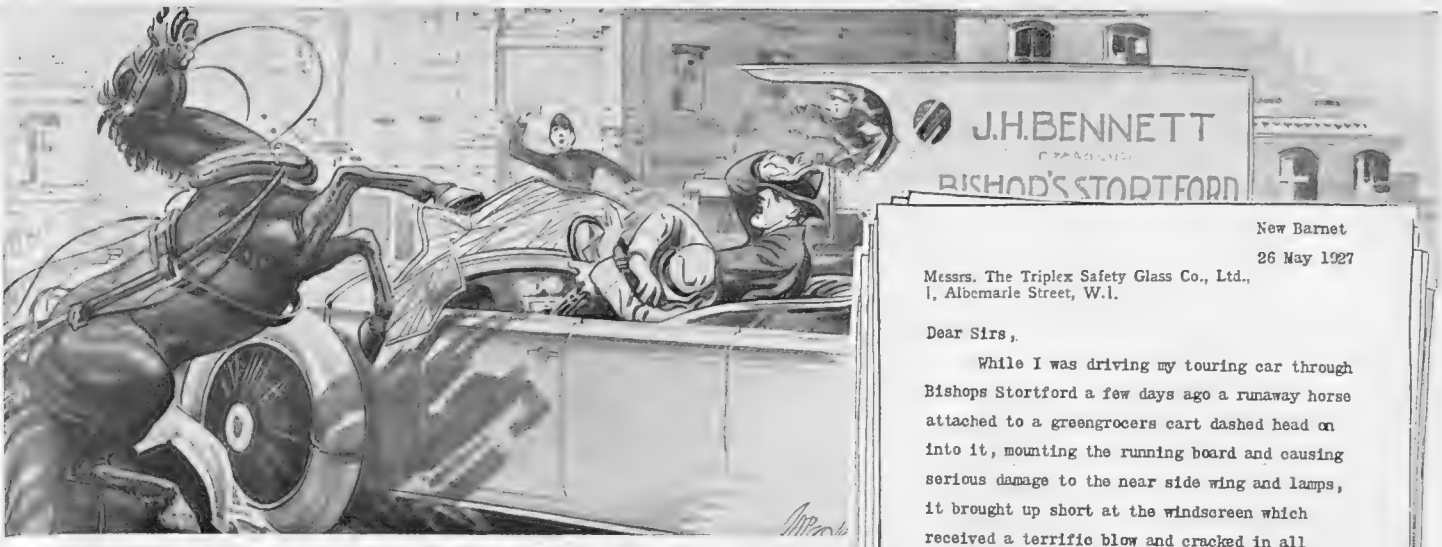
The enormous demand for Triplex glass, not only from motorists but from Government departments, corporations and public utility companies, has so severely taxed the makers, the Triplex Safety Glass Company, that for some time past the prompt fulfilment of orders for this well-known material has been a difficult problem. I am now informed, however, that the position has become very much better, and that a new factory has been acquired at King's Norton, near Birmingham; this covers 80,000 sq. ft. of floor space, and will be in full working order in a few months, when it will be possible to cope with the orders from those progressive motor car manufacturers who desire to fit Triplex glass as standard on their production models.

***

A function that was a very happy affair was the informal reception given by Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart., to our heroic lady motorist, Miss Violette Cordery, who has just completed an arduous world tour on an Invicta car. The importance of lubrication on an enterprise of this kind needs no stressing. One dare not imagine the predicament in which the party might have found itself if either the supply or quality of the lubricants had failed at any point. I hear that not a moment's trouble or anxiety was experienced on this score, which redounds to the credit of Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Company, whose famous Castrol lubricants were used by the expedition.

"SAFETY FIRST" FROM THE AIR

An aerial photograph of the new Triplex Works at King's Norton, Birmingham. These magnificent new premises occupy a floor space of 80,000 square feet



New Barnet
26 May 1927

Messrs. The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd.,
1, Albemarle Street, W.1.

Dear Sirs,

While I was driving my touring car through Bishops Stortford a few days ago a runaway horse attached to a greengrocers cart dashed head on into it, mounting the running board and causing serious damage to the near side wing and lamps, it brought up short at the windscreen which received a terrific blow and cracked in all directions.

The frame of the screen was bent out of recognition but the glass failed to splinter.

My wife said afterwards that the thought that flashed through her mind in the brief instant before the accident was – Thank God for Triplex – a sentiment I heartily endorse. Neither my wife, myself or the horse sustained any injury.

You may make what use you like of this letter.

Yours faithfully,

LEONARD T. HARRIS

Kennington Service.

"TRIPLEX FAILED TO SPLINTER."

THE gravest personal danger in motoring is ordinary glass which splinters at the least shock or blow. If your car is NOT *Triplex*-fitted you are inviting tragedy. Be warned in time!

Normal orders for *Triplex* can now be dispatched within 10 days.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Get "TriplEX" and be Safe

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Miss Cordery also used CASTROL in her famous record runs at Montlhéry when she beat World's Records up to 5,000 miles, and at Monza, when she covered 11,000 miles in 11½ days.

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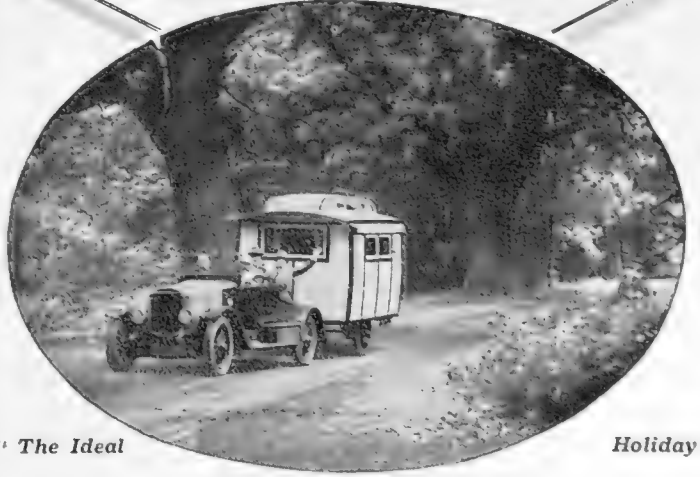

"The Ideal Holiday"

THE DOG DAYS

IN AND OUT OF TOWN

By "THE KENNELMAN"

As always, this first week of August does really usher in Dog Days in the sense of bringing a big crop of Dog Shows, starting with those fixed for the Bank Holiday, throughout the country; and, wisely, the holiday resorts are to the fore in this respect.

A word to the kindly, who place Dogs' drinking dishes on their doorsteps for the good of the canine community at large: Pray change the water in these dishes as frequently as may be, especially in warm weather. Another word to the owners of well-cared-for Dogs whose own water dishes at home are always available and in good order: Discourage your Dogs from using public drinking dishes. You will leave the supply the more free for less fortunate animals who need it, and—it *is* a point, you know—preserve your own Dogs from a rather chancy source of infection.

In the infinitely many-sided world of London there is a great concourse of doggy folk, and those who definitely do not care for Dogs are quite in the minority these days. As against this, space is strictly limited. Many thousands of homes have no ground at their disposal, and so it's not surprising to learn from the figures that, within London's frontiers, the number of Dogs to each thousand of human populace is lower than the average for the rest of the country. And yet what big figures they are! Just upon a quarter of a million Dog Licences are issued during the year in London, and nearly a hundred thousand pounds paid for them. No licence is required for a Dog under six months, and I am confidentially informed (from Bethnal Green) that, apart from the pups, there are even one or two grown Dogs in Town for whom no licence has been issued! If cats and canaries, not to mention mascots—apparently more popular than armorial bearings—contributed to revenue as do canine citizens, perhaps the Chancellor could let up a bit on baccy and the cup that cheers.

A leading veterinary surgeon has pointed out that numbers of well-bred Dogs are being blinded, or partially blinded, as the result of the sort of look-out they like to keep when motoring. Forty miles an hour is a pretty common road speed nowadays, and Dogs who are allowed to keep their heads stuck out over the side, eyes front, while travelling in this style, are booked for trouble. Some faddists have taken to goggles for their Dogs' wear, but the better plan is to teach them to take cover, and to be firm in enforcing the lesson.

"Is it unpractical to attempt the breeding of small Dogs, on anything like a paying basis, if one lives in a suburb—garden only about sixty by a hundred and fifty feet?" To this correspondent one would say: Take heart of grace and go ahead, for some of the most famous and successful of small Dog kennels are in suburban gardens; and there are even breeders of such varieties as Pekingese and their like who prefer not to use outside kennels at all, and achieve very good results with no other accommodation than one or two house rooms, preferably opening on to a garden. In any case, a space of, say, 36ft. by 15ft. is enough for a good range of half a dozen Dog houses, with adequate forecourts, etc., representing accommodation for a couple of families and quite a team of single Dogs. If there is a near-by common, for exercise, so much the better; but, yes, the suburban home is quite possible for small Dog breeding.

The cinema is said to be bringing a world-wide vogue for the Boston Terrier—the American cross between Bulldogs and Bull Terriers—but these Dogs have cropped ears, and cropping is illegal in this country. Here there is more likelihood of a vogue for that Antipodean sportsman, the Australian Terrier, a hardy descendant of the Yorkshire.

Books of the Week

By RALPH STRAUS

It is curious how comparatively little the average Englishman who is fond of travelling knows about Sweden. It is not in the least difficult to get there, and when you are there hardly anything is lacking in the way of gorgeous scenery, dignified towns, entertaining people, all kinds of really entrancing sports, and, of course, a sun shining at the most unlikely hours. Perhaps it is only a question of time. But one is glad to see that the little library of books about Sweden is growing, and I am delighted to welcome a volume written by Mr. Dudley Heathcote and illustrated by Mr. A. Heaton Cooper—*Sweden* (A. and C. Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net)—included in that very pleasant series of "Colour Books."

No fewer than thirty-two plates, every one in colour! Not often are you able to get such a collection at the price. And very fine they are, too. In Sweden you really do get colour, and Mr. Heaton Cooper has made the most of his opportunities. As for Mr. Heathcote, it is surprising what wide ground he has covered in so comparatively small a space. He is a wise and un-Baedekerlike guide, who mixes his historical vignettes very skilfully with the more purely geographical sketches. Altogether the book is exactly of a kind to set you thinking of a Swedish trip for yourself, which must have been one, at any rate (if not the chief), of its compilers' intentions.

I advise you to read Mr. Norman Venner's new novel, *The Gay Tradition* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). This contains all the materials usually to be found in a quite lurid melodrama, but in Mr. Venner's hands these are used for a deliciously farcical comedy. You will not be harried by the young heroine's misfortunes, you will not be uncomfortably thrilled by the villainous behaviour of her wicked guardian, and you will not be praying all the while that things will go well for the electrically minded heir of a viscount who plays hero. On the other hand, you will be genuinely entertained all the time. You will marvel at Mr. Venner's powers of dialogue, and you will be enthusiastic about every one of his people.

It is all a mad business, and I shall say nothing about the unusual events which follow one another in such rapid succession. But I must tell you that the village policeman's first name is Eric—surely for the first time in the history of fiction—and the professor's wife is unlike all the professors' wives I have ever met; and there is a gardener who should be in the Government, and a viscountess with the historical sense, and all sorts of unexpected folk of that kind. Really, Mr. Venner is most brilliant, and his book is a joyous affair.

*

Don't miss, by the way, Mr. Chesterton's new story, *The Return of Don Quixote* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which I ought to have mentioned weeks ago. It is exactly the sort of frolicsome business that you might have expected from this unplaceable writer. It defies all the usual canons of criticism, and must be read to be believed. The oddest things happen in an old country house, where time ceases to mean very much, and librarians become leaders of men, and chivalry takes on a new meaning, and the police intervene in the queer way they have, and—— No, it is useless to attempt any description.

But I doubt very much whether even Mr. Chesterton has ever been so wise or witty before. He puts all kinds of ideas into your head which seem grotesque until you think them over, when, of course, they refuse to be grotesque at all. His people seem hopelessly mad until you realise with a sense of shock that they are almost alarmingly sane. And at the end of it all you thank the author for yet another book that is throughout entirely and gorgeously off the rails.

*

If you want a very joyous story, read Mr. A. B. Cox's *Mr. Priestley's Problem* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). This is not a murder mystery so much as a murder farce. Two friends wish to find out what a murderer really thinks about after he has committed his crime. Accordingly they so arrange things that a friend of theirs believes that he has killed a man. Unfortunately, they reckon without either Mr. Priestley's roused manhood or an interfering police force. It is all splendid fun, and Mr. Cox makes the most of his ludicrous theme.

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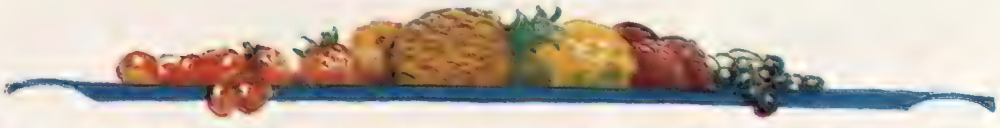

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LATE AND EARLY

Of London's life, backbone and basis:
In night's desert waste, an oasis —
Our love for it needs no emphasis (!)

The Bystander, August 3, 1927

Fashions Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Dublin en Fête

DUBLIN is *en fête,* for it is Horse Show Week, when there is not a house in the neighbourhood that is not filled to overflowing, nor an hotel in the town that has an inch of space to spare. For the Dublin Horse Show attracts smart society from all over the world, being in every sense an international affair, with entries from America, France, Italy, Holland, etc., as well as from the British Isles, and there are always a large number of distinguished foreigners present. So far as frocks are concerned, it is, needless to say, only a degree less smart than Ascot, especially on the second day when, as at Cup day at England's great dress pageant, the gowns are almost as well worth looking at as the horses, or more so, think some of the feminine contingent!

Every Frock its Coat

FASHIONABLE women are wearing gay airy frocks of printed chiffon, Georgette, ninon, etc., but, with one eye on what the weather may do, few of these are without matching coats, to be worn or not, according to how the sun behaves; the newest of these, carried out, of course, in the predominating colour of the dress and lined with its actual fabric, that show slightly curved lines, either achieved by pieces of the material superimposed or suggested by means of fine stitching; often they are collared and cuffed with fur or are worn with big fur stoles that have heads and paws much in evidence. On marocain and *crêpe de Chine* frocks, made in plain colours, "tooth" trimming is new and smart, and they, too, have coats to match, of duvetyn or Kasha in a rather deeper shade than the dress. Another fashionable form of two-piece is made on more or less tailored lines, with a short, fullish coat, of reversible satin, silk-alpaca or very fine faced-cloth.

The latest in fur coats, sketched at "Switzers," Grafton Street, Dublin. It is made of beige broadtail lamb and the collar, front border and cuffs are of natural beaver, the lining, beige crêpe de Chine, lending itself to the effective colour scheme

Reversible satin is one of the favourite fabrics of the moment. Above, it carries out an effective two-piece, the dull side being used for the frock and the shiny for the revers and cuffs of the coat

The Vogue for Drapery

VISITORS to Dublin must bear in mind that while sport is the order of the day (taken very seriously, by the way, for the Irish are nothing if not a nation of horse lovers!), dancing is the order of the night. Dances are arranged at many of the fashionable hotels, and much of the private entertaining takes this form; distance being no bar to those bent on enjoyment! The newest Paris dance frocks have draped skirts, the drapery being brought to one side, so that, seen from one angle, the silhouette is absolutely straight and the single shoulder flower has given place to a floral garland that outlines the shoulder strap on one side. Picture frocks just now are making a tremendous appeal, and certainly they offer an intriguing contrast with modern woman's almost boyish appearance by day; two fabrics, one frail, such as chiffon or lace, and

Whatever the weather does, the toilette above will be successful, with its matching coat. The newest of these, says Paris, display slightly curved lines, achieved either by stitching or superimposed pieces of fabric

"A perfect shingle," with an up-to-date fringe effect, permanently waved by the Eugène method at 23, Grafton Street, W.1

one sturdier, such as moiré, satin or taffetas, usually express them, and scalloped hems, and sometimes scalloped yokes, are a favourite form of trimming; skirts dip at the back or sides and at the front are only a few inches longer than the accustomed knee length.

A Wonderful Fashion House

WOMEN love horses! Of course, but they love shopping too, especially when prices are moderate (at least, all the right-minded ones!). So a visit to "Switzers," of Grafton Street, Dublin, will be part of the Horse Show week programme. For "Switzers" is one of *the* leading fashion houses of to-day, to which the latest Paris models find their way with such rapidity that one might almost suppose they transported themselves by wireless! Advance styles in *tailleurs* and sports kit for the early Autumn; dance frocks and afternoon gowns that look forward to the future in style and fabric; up-to-date millinery; the latest *lingerie* designs, together with all the new and attractive accessories, bags, gloves, etc., without attention to which no *toilette* can be successful.

Advance Styles in Furs

ALSO furs, which for the smart woman are every bit as important in Summer (so-called!) as in Winter. On the preceding page one of "Switzers'" new Autumn models is shown. A lovely coat of beige broadtail lamb, with collar, front, and cuffs of natural beaver and lined with beige *crêpe de Chine*.

They cater, too, for the male contingent and for the younger generation, and include among their many departments one devoted to all kinds of up-to-date travelling requisites. And if seeing so much that's new and interesting is just a little tiring (!)—well, then, there's a comfortable lounge in which to rest, a waiting-room and public telephone for the use of clients, *and* a luxurious restaurant! And their beautifully equipped hairdressing *salons* are another reason why "Switzers" is a meeting-place for all Dublin (whether residents or visitors). No excuse for untrimmed shingles or hair that is crying out to be waved!

Mementoes of Horse Show Week

EVERYBODY who has enjoyed Horse Show week will want to have some memento of a delightful time. The only question is, What form shall it take? . . . to which the Cluna Studio, where really typical examples of modern Irish handicrafts are to be obtained, supplies the answer. These include pictures, woodcuts, artistic enamel work, and every kind of hand-made pottery, carried out by expert craftsmen. The Cluna Studio, 54, Dawson Street, Dublin, is only two minutes' walk from the famous Shelbourne and Hibernian Hotels, so it is within particularly easy reach of visitors, who are cordially asked to inspect without any obligation to buy.

A memento of the Dublin Horse Show cannot take a happier form than a typical example of modern Irish Handicrafts. Photographed above is some of the attractive work to be seen at the Cluna Studio, 54, Dawson Street, Dublin

The Perfect Shingle

LIKE the little girl in the nursery rhyme, "When they're good they're very, very good, and when they're bad they're horrid!" I'm talking of shingles, of which there are far, far too many "horrid" ones about—untidy, ill-kempt, all "ends," and not following the correct line of the head. And the offenders are practically all straight-haired women, for straight hair does not, as a matter of fact, usually lend itself gracefully to shingling. Luckily, however, wavy hair is no longer the privilege of just a few people. No matter how lank of lock she was born, every woman can achieve it, a fact for which the sex have to thank the permanent wave to-day, as carried out by Eugène, 23, Grafton Street, W.1—a simple, rapid and inexpensive process that gives the hair a soft wave, entirely natural in appearance and improving considerably its growth and texture; with an average head of hair it is only necessary to repeat it about twice a year, and that with the new growth only. Time well spent, considering the benefits it brings. A rainy day on the links, and the permanently waved woman will look as *bien soignée* as when she started; her hair "in curl" after a set of tennis; sea bathing robbed of all its disadvantages; a *coiffure* that will always do her credit in the ballroom—in fact, the consciousness of a perfectly groomed head under all circumstances. Altogether a pretty good proposition! "Just one sort of permanent wave"? Indeed, there isn't! A fringe effect may suit one client; another will look her best with her hair taken straight back from her forehead; in some cases a parting is indicated, and in others a close wave *à la garçonne*. Whatever her type, every visitor to the Eugène *salons* can rest assured that his hair artists will study it carefully and achieve something to suit it.

Eugène hair artists study individual clients. In this case a close boyish cut, with ears uncovered, is obviously "right"

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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It contains eight pages in full colour and scores of other illustrations in black and white depicting scenes from all the famous operas taken at the Princes Theatre, London, at their recent season. All pictures taken exclusively for this record by arrangement with Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte.

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the supreme Sandwich-maker

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The world-famous Coty perfumers have in their new home at 3, Stratford Place, W., a site of unusual historic interest, for the fine old Adam house has been the dwelling-place of many notable personalities during the past. The artistic setting of their new home does much to emphasise the charm of Coty perfumes, which, thanks to the real artistry and imagination of their creators, are very high favourites among the discerning people of fashion.

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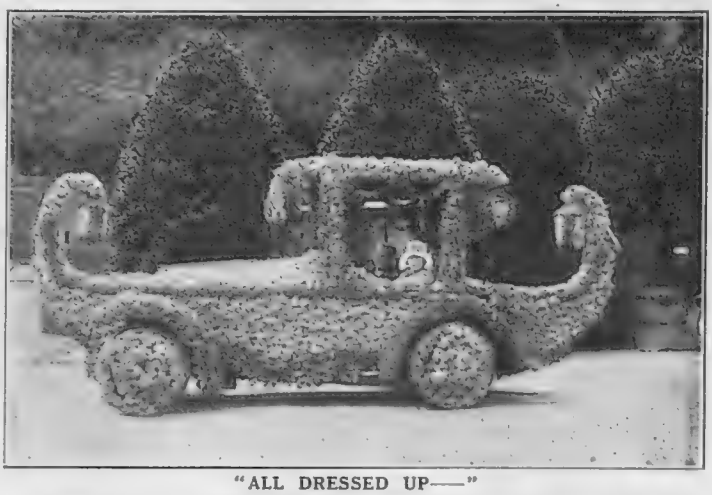
Among connoisseurs Irish whiskey stands in high esteem, and among Irish whiskeys the "Three Swallow" pot still brand, distilled by John Power & Son, Ltd., of Dublin, has for many years been accounted one of the finest. This firm has been famed for the excellence of its whiskey since 1791, and still adheres to its principle of producing the purest and most nutritious spirit by the use of the finest home-grown malt and barley, the costly three-still system of distillation, and by maturing the whiskey for a period of seven to ten years.

The Charm of Brunnen

Visitors to the Lake of Lucerne will find in Brunnen an ideal resort for a holiday. In this romantic part of Switzerland the possibilities of excursions in every kind of scenery among lakes and mountains are unrivalled, and Brunnen has the added advantage of easy access, as the direct communications between London and Lucerne make it possible to complete the journey in the greatest comfort. Lists of the leading hotels, pensions, etc., may be obtained from any travel agency.

A Continental Train

The Milan-Cannes Pullman train was to have been withdrawn from service during the summer months, as it was thought that there would not be sufficient patronage to justify its continuance. However, so successful has it proved that the authorities are running it right through the summer months, thus providing passengers between Italy and the French Riviera with quick and comfortable means of transport.



"ALL DRESSED UP——"

A photograph of a much-decorated miniature Bugatti motor car at the gala held recently at Baden-Baden. This gala was a great success and Baden-Baden was filled with a fashionable crowd which much enjoyed the Battle of Flowers and gymkhana, which were two of the chief events

A Useful Map

The Tourist Map of Switzerland, executed by the Geographical Institute Kümmerly and Frey, of Berne, and published by the Swiss National Tourist Office, answers perfectly to the requirements of tourists in Switzerland. All railway lines and resorts, as well as the Alpine roads served by postal motor coaches, are clearly shown. The map also includes a general text, a series of excellent illustrations, and useful information for travellers.

A Change of Address

Having considerably outgrown their present premises at 22, Pall Mall, S.W.1, the French line, Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd., have acquired new offices. These are situated at 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, and the passage offices were transferred to the new address at the beginning of this week.

Saving the Stockings

The risk of stockings laddering owing to the strain which many suspenders place upon them is an ever-present worry to ladies who know only too well the damage, not only to the stockings but also to the purse, involved thereby. However, there is no need for even the most delicate stockings to ladder if the right kind of suspender is used. Sphere Oval-Octo suspenders are ideal for the support of ladies' stockings, for it is claimed for them that they cannot cause ladders. They are to be obtained in various qualities at prices ranging from 1s. to 2s. 6d.

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PURE POT STILL WHISKEY
Guaranteed over 7 years' old.
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2/- per Box of 3 Tablets.

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MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL

2/6, 4/9 & 6/9 per Bottle

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VERBENA . SANTAL . LAVENDER.

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your face and skin are entirely at the mercy of the scorching sun and winds, most of the time being spent in the open air. You must therefore prepare your face and hands before starting out. For this purpose there is no better preparation than the world-renowned

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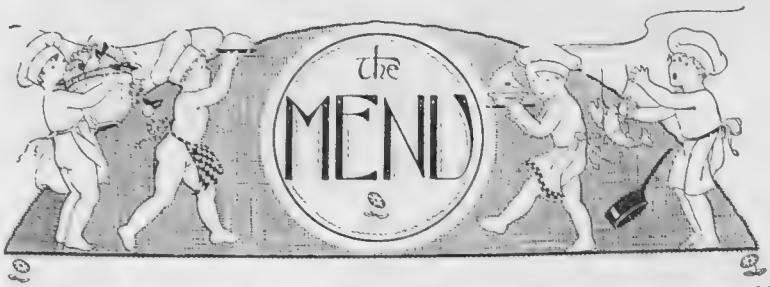

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WHITE WINE CUP.
CLARET CUP.
CIDER CUP.
NEW YORK ICE CREAM.
RASPBERRY JUNKET.
COFFEE JUNKET.

Champagne Cup

ONE bottle of champagne, two bottles of soda-water, one liqueur glass of brandy, or Curaçao, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar (in a wineglassful of syrup), and a sprig of borage. The cup to be well iced.

White Wine Cup

Take with each bottle of white wine a quarter of an orange cut into thin slices (or half a pint of fresh strawberries) and about 2 ozs. of castor sugar. The cup to be iced. The Spanish white wine, two shillings a bottle, is quite good for this cup. This is a very old recipe, and highly recommended.

Claret Cup

To a bottle of claret add one of lemonade, put in a sprig of borage, and leave for about ten minutes, then remove the borage. Now sweeten to taste, add a liqueur glass of maraschino, and lastly half a syphon or a small bottle of soda-water. Add a lump of ice at the time of serving.

Cider Cup

Rub the peel of a lemon on a few lumps of sugar, put them in a glass jug with a slice of cucumber, a bottle of sparkling cider, a liqueur glass of curaçao, and a bottle of soda-water. Ice and send to table.

New York Ice Cream

One quart of cream well sweetened with castor sugar, the yolks of four eggs well beaten and the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff, and flavoured with vanilla. Thoroughly stir the yolks into the cream, then the whites lightly, and freeze immediately. One quart of banana, mashed to a pulp, and flavoured with lemon, makes it a banana ice cream, or any other kind of fruit may be used, but it must always be mashed, and the same quantity as the cream.

Raspberry Junket

Pick the stalks from ½ lb. of raspberries or loganberries, wash them well, and add enough sugar to sweeten, then whisk the whites of two eggs until they are a stiff froth, and mix them with the fruit. Make a junket in the ordinary way, and when it has set firmly cover with the raspberry *purée*.

Coffee Junket

Make a cup of strong coffee, let it clear, then mix with sufficient milk to make it a quart. Make it luke warm, then stir in junket powder or the liquid with 2 ozs. of castor sugar and a grate of nutmeg. This soon sets, and is ready for the table. EMILIA.

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Try
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Salads, Cutlets, Chops, or ANYTHING!
Made by
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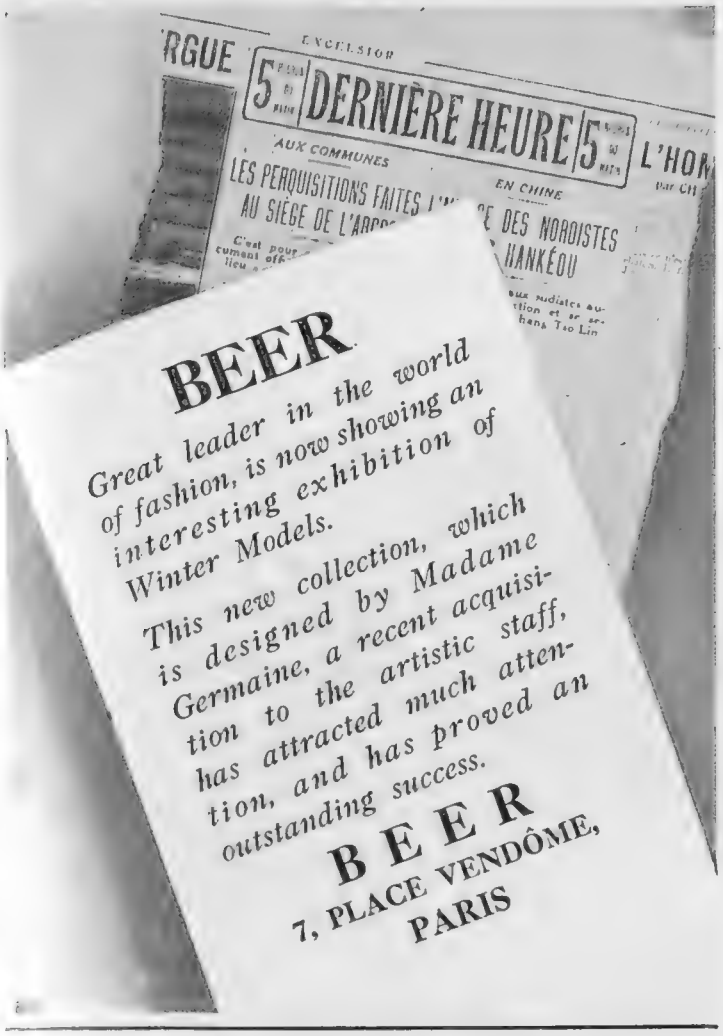

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The Perfume of Great Memories

LAVENDER WATER
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COLD CREAM
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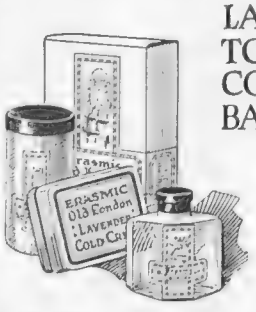

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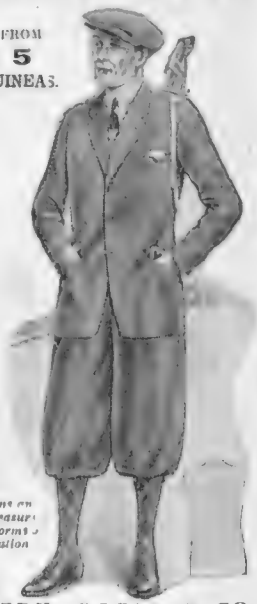

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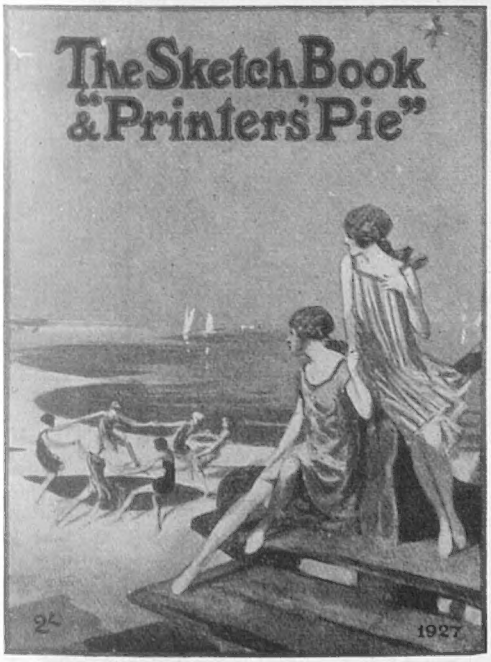

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Z	A	Y	B
1 No Trump	No Bid	2 Diamonds	No Bid
2 No Trumps	No Bid	3 Diamonds	No Bid
No Bid	No Bid		

PLAY

Tricks.	Z	A	Y	B
1	Club ... Q	Club.... 3	Heart .. 2	Club.... J
2	Club ... K	Club.... 5	Heart .. 8	Club.... 2
3	Heart... 3	Heart .. 7	**Diamond** 2	Heart .. 6
4	Diamond 10	Diamond 7	Diamond 3	**Diamond A**
5	**Diamond K**	Diamond 9	Diamond 4	Diamond Q
6	Heart... 4	Heart .. 9	**Diamond** 5	Heart .. Q
7	**Spade** .. J	Spade .. 4	Spade .. 2	Spade .. 3
8	**Club** .... A	Club.... 6	Spade .. 5	Club.... 4
9	Heart... 5	Heart .. J	**Diamond** 6	Heart .. A
10	**Spade** .. Q	Spade .. 7	Spade .. 6	Spade ..10
11	**Spade** .. A	Spade .. 8	Spade .. 9	Spade .. K
12	Heart...10	Club.... 7	**Diamond** 8	Club.... 9
13	Heart... K	Club.... 8	**Diamond** J	Club....10

(The card in heavy type wins the trick.)

WINNERS OF JUNE COMPETITION

No competitor was correct. The prize of £100 will, therefore, be divided between the following who sent in nearest correct solutions.

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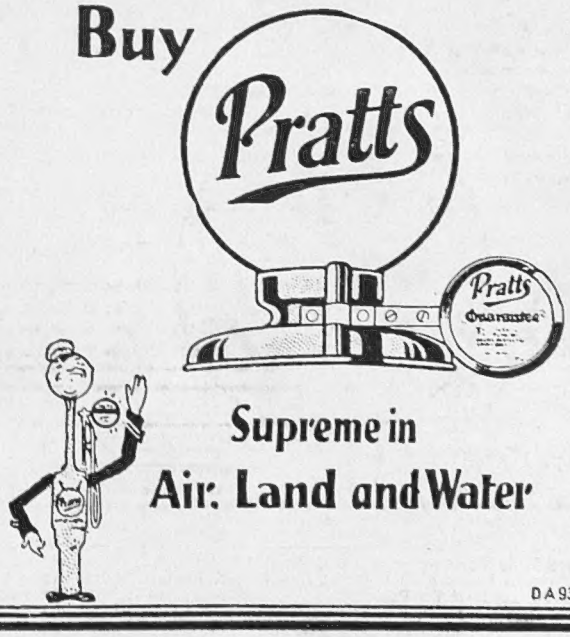

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